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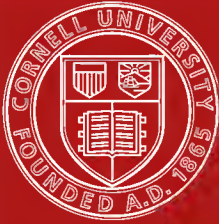
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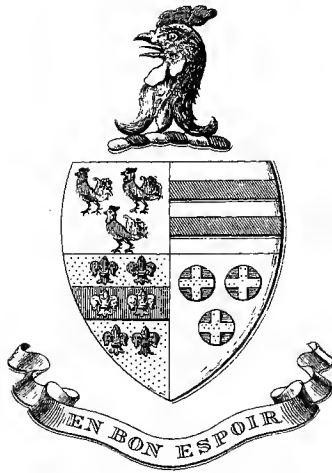
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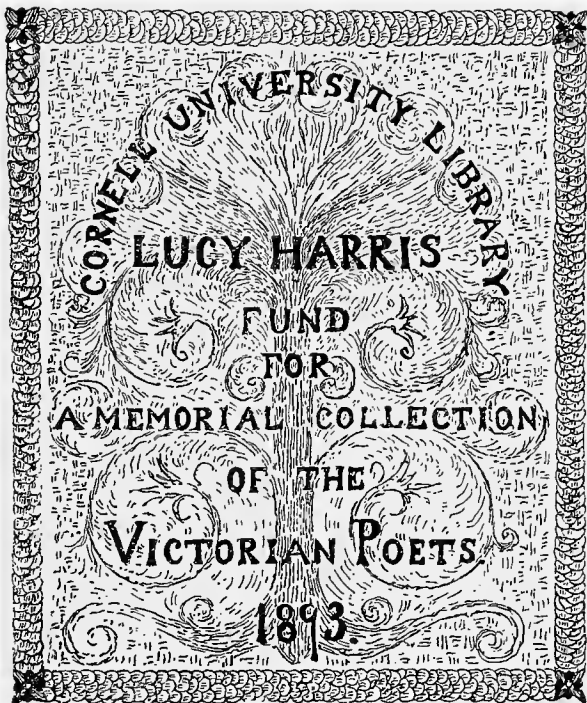
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2001



Andreas Edward Cokayne.



P O E M S

BY

EDWARD CAPERN,

RURAL POSTMAN OF BIDEFORD, DEVON.

" A humble Poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

" Who through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

" Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like a benediction
That follows after prayer." LONGFELLOW.

LONDON :
DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET.

MDCCLVI.



PREFACE.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

I AM entrusted with the delightful privilege of introducing a man of genius to the world,—EDWARD CAPERN, a POET.

On taking possession of the necessary papers I consulted some literary friends, and it was of course soon decided that no alterations should be made except by Mr. Capern; nor indeed were many needed; for, except a few slips of the pen, mere verbal inaccuracies scarcely worth alluding to, the whole of these beautiful poems appear as they were first produced by him.

I reserved to myself, however, the absolute right of rejection, and this was frequently a rather painful duty. In a walk together of thirteen miles, during which some of my decisions were communi-

cated, the poet would sometimes contend in the very accents of despair,—“What! exclude my ‘Morning,’ and the ‘Apostrophe to the Sun!’ Why, Sir, I wrote those pieces when I had but four shillings a-week to live upon, which gave but frugal meals.” Firmness was however necessary, and “Morning” still stands excluded as “beautiful, but too diffuse for this publication.”

It is not my intention even to touch upon the trying incidents of Mr. Capern’s early life. He is a rural letter-carrier from Bideford to Buckland Brewer and its neighbourhood, distributing the Mail through a discursive walk of thirteen miles daily, including Sundays; for which his salary is ten shillings and sixpence per week. He has a real Poet’s Wife; his JANE, a charming brunette, is intelligent, prudent, and good. He has two children, Charles, a boy of seven,* and Milly, a girl just three years of age; and he tells me that he is happy—happy

* What a delightful opportunity for some really Charitable Governor of Christ’s Hospital, who has a “presentation” at his disposal.

where thousands would be discontented ; rich, where many would be in want ; blessing Providence for its bounties, instead of repining for that which has been denied.

Mr. Capern's features have a striking resemblance to those of Oliver Goldsmith ; he has also the Doctor's sturdy build, though not his personal height. Nor is this the only point of resemblance to our dear Goldy. Mr. Capern has an ear for music, he plays touchingly on the flute, and sings his own songs to his own tunes with striking energy or tenderness.

Mr. Capern has, however, a defect in his vision which seems to increase with age ; and he has, under the advice of his friends, consented to this mode of raising a little sum to assist in the education of his rising family, and to commence a provision for the future. Is it too much to hope that these charming emanations of his mind may induce the wealthy and well disposed to assist in this lovely work ? A man who has written these beautiful lyrics amid trials and privations, without neglect-

ing one social duty, has, it is respectfully suggested, some claim on public approbation, and will, it is hoped, secure sufficient notice, to prevent the latter part of his life from bringing anything less pleasing than competence and ease.

W. F. Rock.

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POEMS.



ART THOU A POET ?

No classic tutor watched my lips,
Nor speech, with beauty fraught,
Refined my uncouth mother-tongue,
Or woo'd my virgin thought.

I never cursed in college cell
The thought I could not brook,
Nor pored amid the antique page
For lore from musty book.

I never in the schools was made
A fool against my will,
Nor danced with dames in rich brocade
My studious hours to kill.

But I have loved, as all should love,
The whole of human kind,
And there are men of worth who know
How much I honour Mind.

And I have heard the wild-bird sing
High up the vault of heaven,
Till there, on Inspiration's wing,
I felt my spirit driven.

And I have heard old Ocean roar,
Whilst wonder seized my soul,
And bound me to the rocky shore,
To watch his billows roll.

And I have learnt to look on earth
As if she lay in bliss,
And bless each flow'ret of her birth
With an admiring kiss ;

Till zephyrs seemed as angels' breath,
And stars as cherubs' eyes,
And Beauty as no child of death,
But goddess of the skies.

At length I learnt to look above,
And found life's pilgrim-road
Was but a path of heavenly love,
That led right up to God.

I took my lyre and dash'd its strings,
And music, wild and free,
Sent forth the tuneful echoings
Of Nature's minstrelsy.

TO MILLY.

LIKE summer, soft and breezy,
When swallows skim the sea,
Comes my song in numbers easy
And refreshing unto me.

So I'll pipe a lay to Milly,
The merry-making thing—
My pretty cottage lily,
And picture of the spring.

Oh, a beauty bright and brisky,
And musical as May,
Is my lassy, fair and frisky,
My little dancing fay.

In Nature's own adorning
This cherub thing appears,
And welcome as the morning
Is this pledge of loving years.

Like a starry glory dancing
 In the cloudless ebon sky,
Is the wild romantic glancing
 Of her laughter-lighted eye.

Or like the silver gleaming
 On an Ethiopic queen,
Is the life so brightly beaming
 From her crystal orb, I ween.

There's a rich and pearly beauty
 On that joy-illumined brow,
And, as love's delightful duty,
 I'll paint that beauty now.

Her cheeks are twin-blown roses,
 Fresh pencilled by the sun,
Which Time each morn exposes,
 But hides as eve comes on.

Her lips are two sweet cherries,
 The luscious fruit of love,
And rich as holly-berries
 When winter paints the grove.

Would you see this pretty creature
In her wild and merry joy,
With a smile on every feature ?
You must see her with my boy.

You must hear her accents choral,
Like the tones of silver rills,
As they gush from hedgerows floral,
To tinkle down the hills.

You have seen the lamb revealing
All its happy life could show,
While, with true maternal feeling,
Its dam would gamble too.

Not half so sweet and winning
Is that pretty scene to me,
As my little-one's beginning
Her romp upon my knee.

Farewell to woodlands mossy,
And violets of the glade,
To daisies white and glossy,
And warblers of the shade.

Nor tell me of the lily,
Ye poets of the flowers,
Nor rose, while I have Milly
To beautify my hours.

ON SEEING CHARLIE AT PLAY.

ERE thy locks of golden light
Change to winter's snowy white,
And old Care has passed his plough
O'er the sunshine of thy brow ;
Ere a troop of sorrows march
O'er thy pretty eyebrows' arch,
And each brow reversed wears
Footprints of the woes of years ;
Whilst thine eyes, like sable sloes,
Each with lustrous beauty glows,
Whilst they sparkle forth their glee,
At the shout of revelry ;
Ere those orbs that, wondering, stand
Looking out on fairy land,
To cavernous shades retire,
Sullen with their wasted fire,
Shrinking from each ray of hope,
Like a peevish misanthrope ;
Ere the rose has fled thy cheek,
Whilst thy coral lips are sleek,

And sweet smiles around them play,
Sportive as a dancing fay,
Whilst thine ears to bend are slow,
To the tenderest tale of woe;
Whilst thy parent's fondest strain
Lures thee to the daisied plain;
Whilst sweet music tunes thy breath,
And thy thoughts are free from death;
Like the lark, go dance and sing,
Making all the welkin ring;
As the butterfly and bee,
Let thy wanderings be free,
And throughout thy Maytime hours
Live upon the sweetest flowers;
Happy, happy days for thee,
Days of love and poesy.

AFFECTION'S ARGUMENT.

THE aspen quivers in the breeze,
The cuckoo singeth mellow ;
The perfume drops from hawthorn trees—
Let 's roam where the kingcup 's yellow.
We 'll cradle up our infant child,
And take our evening's ramble,
Adown the paths of woodland wild,
Through briar, thorn, and bramble.
I know in thy maternal breast
There dwells a sense of duty,
More lovely than the crimson west,
That robes the sun in beauty ;
But still I know there is a charm
Reigns o'er each scene enchanting,
When we together, arm in arm,
Its beauties are descanting.
So toil not, gentle labourer,
I pray thee toil not so ;
Let 's wander where the fragrant air
Doth health and joy bestow :

Or else I fear thy rosy cheek
Soon pale in death will be ;
And then, alas ! where could I seek
The bliss I find with thee ?

What boots it if we win this earth,
By striving and by toiling,
If we to dire disease give birth,
And cherish health's despoiling ?
So leave, my love, this pent-up spot,
Thy every fear detaching ;
Angels will hover o'er its cot,
The babe benignly watching ;
And let us up some shady lane,
All torrent-wash'd and wearing,
To watch the pale moon's silver wane,
And take a gentle airing.
The antler'd oak, the fretted thorn,
Thee to their nooks are wooing ;
Whilst songs are on the breezes borne,
And turtle-doves are cooing.
So toil not, gentle labourer,
I pray thee toil not so ;
Let's wander where the fragrant air
Doth health and joy bestow :

Or else I fear thy rosy cheek
 Soon pale in death will be ;
And then, alas ! where could I seek
 The bliss I find with thee ?

I often think upon those times
 When, blithesome, young, and smiling,
We listened to the bells' sweet chimes,
 Our every care beguiling.
Then underneath some tree's broad shade
 We sat and made us merry ;
And never dreamt those joys would fade,
 As melts the damask cherry.
But I have had since then to roam
 Alone to take my pleasure ;
And leave thee, dearest love, at home—
 My sweetest, fondest treasure.
Come, let us to those fields again,
 Each habit wrong subduing :
Such pleasures must be felt by twain,
 And they are worth renewing.
So toil not, gentle labourer,
 I pray thee toil not so ;
Let 's wander where the fragrant air
 Doth health and joy bestow :

Or else I fear thy rosy cheek
 Soon pale in death will be ;
And then, alas ! where could I seek
 The bliss I find with thee ?

CHRISTMAS TEARS.

I HEAR the loud and merry ring
Of mirth upon the breeze,
The Christmas "waits" are carolling
Beneath the linden trees.

'Tis strange I cannot welcome them
As I was wont to do :
I hear a dirge in every hymn,
In every note a woe.

What is the reason?—neighbours, say,
'Tis more than passing strange.
Come, gentle muse, and give them, pray,
A reason for the change.

The yule log burns as brightly now
To warm the chilly air,
As when beneath the laurel bough
My mother graced her chair.

The bells ring out as merrily,
 As sweetly sings the choir,
As when with Christmas minstrelsy
 They carol'd round her fire.

But she has left her wonted place,
 And dull is every sound,
The joy, the light of every face,
 Sleeps far beneath the ground.

Now, when I take my much-loved flute,
 To pipe a joyous strain,
To every accent it is mute,
 Save that which doth complain.

The seasons come and pass away :
 The spring-time with its glee,
The summer with its warmer ray,
 And autumn, dear to me.

I love to list the sweeping gale
 That bares its yellow trees,
And hear its melancholy wail
 In each complaining breeze.

I tread upon each crumpled leaf,
 And mourn with every breath,
That life, at best so frail and brief,
 Should yield so soon to death.

When winter comes, I seek some nook,
 To weep my mother gone,
Whilst fancy tracks each path she took,
 Where I must walk alone.

The lane, the hill, the murmuring rill,
 The stile she called her own,
Are sacred to my memory still,
 And crowd it one by one.

The flow'rets she was wont to cull
 I seek when spring is near,
The primrose and the purple bell,
 And bathe them with a tear.

Join, ye who can, the festive scene,
 And each sad feeling spurn ;
I'll hang my walls with cypress green,
 And sit alone and mourn.

Throwing my crumbs upon the snow,
I'll little Robins tend,
And bid their plaintive accents flow
To mourn a common friend.



H O P E .

HOPE is like a lonely star,
When only one is seen ;
It is like that light afar,
Which gleams the clouds between,
When not a golden streak
From the morning can be won,
Save the fringe upon the peak
Of the clouds before the sun.

THE RURAL POSTMAN'S SABBATH.

THE mellowed sounds of Sabbath bells
 Fall gently on my ear,
And as they break in murmuring swells,
 My heart is tuned to prayer.

In Sunday garb, all neatly clad,
 With joy upon each face,
The dame and sire, and lass and lad,
 Approach the holy place.

'Tis true, in yonder sacred fane
 I cannot praise my King ;
Yet in the meadow and the lane
 I will be worshiping.

And, while I pray, a sweet response
 Shall rise from every stream,
And all the little birds at once
 Shall chaunt the morning hymn.

Oh, what a charm reigns o'er the scene !
 Beneath those dappled skies ;
The cattle wear a pious mien,
 And earth is paradise.

I ask no priest 'neath fretted dome
 Their holy prayers to read,
No pew beside the marble tomb,
 When God is over-head.

So here, beneath His loving eye,
 I'll worship and adore,
The vaulted heaven my canopy,
 The earth my temple floor.

OUR DEVONSHIRE WORTHIES.

THE grand old men of Devonshire,
How mighty is their name !
The glory of their deeds shall burn,
An everlasting flame.
Right sturdy, stalwart sons were they,
And won a brave renown—
The brightest, purest gems of fame,
In England's matchless crown.

Our day the epithet of "great "
May justly, proudly claim ;
For Knowledge hath with Wisdom wed,
And Truth is more than name :
But let us stand upon the verge
Of this our age sublime,
And call the spirits from the past—
The prison-grave of Time.

And mark the grandeur of the soul,
The stateliness of mien,

Of those who were the crown and pride
Of England's Maiden Queen ;
And let us ask what favoured shire
Gave England's brightest stars—
The noblest men who made her state,
And conquered in her wars ?

Who, in their majesty of heart
And mightiness of hand,
First conquered self, then won a world,
A new-discovered land ?
The Past is speaking ! give her ear—
Thou Present, list her strain :
Impatient Future thunders—" Hear !
" 'T was Devon gave the Men."

The brave old men of Devonshire !
'Tis worth a world to stand
As Devon's sons, on Devon's soil,
Though infants of the band ;
And tell Old England to her face,
If she is great in fame,
'T was good old heart of Devon oak
That made her glorious name.

Speak out, old sea-dog DRAKE—speak out !
And RALEIGH of renown ;
GILBERT, and GRENVILLE, lion-hearts,
And valiant CHAMPERNOWNE ;
And MONK, the Duke of Albemarle,
Brave KEATS, and bold CAREW,
And bravest of the brave in war,
Stout HOCKIN and PELLEW.

And shame some craven ones, who strut
As “ worthies ” on our stage,
And tell them where you bled, and left
Your soul-stamp on your age !
Whene’er I pace old BY-THE-FORD,
And conjure up this thought—
“ ’T was *here*, and *here*, that Grenville trod,
And *there* a Raleigh wrought ”—

My blood leaps up into my brain,
And gallops through my heart ;
My soul throbs with the proud desire
To play a patriot’s part.
Thank Heaven, ye men of Devonshire,
We’ve Raleighs with us still,

To wield the patriot's burning pen,
Or sword on battle hill.

A CLEVELAND falls at Inkermann ;
At Alma, WOOLACOMBE ;
Where MORRIS won his glory-scars,
A NEWMAN fills a tomb.
And noble names, of humbler birth,
Emblazon Honour's scroll—
Our CORNEYS and our COURTICES,
Who won Sebastopol!

God bless the men of Devonshire,
Who to the battle fly ;
And if more heroes England needs,
WE ready are to die !

GENTLE ANNIE.

SOFT as the fall of autumn's leaf,
Or words of tender love,
A gentle maiden paced unseen
Along a silent grove.

Scarce fifteen rosy years had left
Their tintings on her cheek ;
And all the lily's lovely grace
Adorned her spirit meek.

Her heart was like the drifted snow,
Untarnished by a stain ;
Her thoughts were innocent as babes,
Her song a loving strain.

No selfish or unsacred wish
E'er warped her gentle life ;
The sunshine of benevolence
Destroyed the weeds of strife.

An orphan lamb she fed each morn,
Which taught her how to love ;
And the sweet sentiment she shared
Between it and a dove.

She nursed her sire of silver years,
She soothed her mother's care ;
And conversed with, and kissed, and blessed
The patriarchal pair.

And thus, like lilies in the shade,
Or daisies in the sun,
So ev'ry blossom of her heart
Was opened one by one.

OUR LIFE'S A JOY.

OUR life's a joy, and 'tis not just
To brand it as a bitter cup ;
Our trials are but balance-dust,
When weighed against our joys. Cheer up !

No life hath been a cheerless way,
With nought but briars thickly sown,
Where pois'nous reptiles held the sway,
And every hope was left unblown ;

A day of clouds, without a gleam
Of sunlight dashed across its morn—
A deep, dark, sadly-murmuring stream,
On which no real joy was borne ;

A night without one starry eye—
A winter without any flowers,
A melancholy destiny,
Controlled by none but evil powers.

Nay ! life's a path where virtues grow,
And sacred songsters warble lays—
A fount whence purest pleasures flow—
A night illumed by friendship's rays ;

A winter-time, whose cumbrous snows
Press rosy flow'rets from the earth—
A day, whose sunny radiance throws
A halo over every birth ;

A destiny which angels guard,
And hedge about from morn till even ;
And Life Eternal's the reward
For all who live this life for heaven.

So, cheer up, hearts ! it is not just
To call our life a bitter cup ;
Our trials are but balance-dust,
When weighed against our joys. Cheer up !

TRUE GREATNESS.

WHAT is Greatness ? True Contrition
Mourning o'er a false ambition ;
Making full and frank confession
Of a life of past transgression ;
Better plans and acts revolving,
And in strength of soul resolving
Works shall follow on confessing—
Faith, and charity, and blessing.

What is Greatness ? Ask the Poet
And the Patriot if they know it ;
Ask the men of high aspiring,
Those who know the true inspiring
Genius gives to generous givers,
To the greatest human livers ;
Ask them, honest-hearted neighbour,
They will tell you, " FAITH and LABOUR."

What is Greatness ? 'Tis abiding
Firm in purpose, true, confiding,

Hoping, trusting, and believing,
Giving alms, no thanks receiving ;
Counting kindest deeds a pleasure,
And the joys they waken treasure ;
Aiming, striving, loving, doing ;
This is Greatness, good pursuing !

Greatness ! 'Tis a moral beauty,
Only found in paths of duty ;
Patient virtue, vice despoiling,
'Gainst an adverse fortune toiling ;
Gilding every triumph-story
With a bright and golden glory ;
Energetic, manful, glorious,
Ever battling and victorious.

Greatness fights in face of evil,
Prejudice, and pride, and devil,
Looking to the rest in heaven,
Where the warrior's crown is given.
Onward then, ye sons of trial,
Heedless of the stern denial ;
Greatness true is moral glory—
On, and win the hero's story !

LIVE IN LOVE; 'TIS PLEASANT LIVING.

BE not harsh and unforgiving,
Live in love; 'tis pleasant living.
If an angry man should meet thee,
And assail thee indiscreetly,
Turn not thou again and rend him,
Lest thou needlessly offend him;
Show him love hath been thy teacher,
Kindness is a potent preacher :
Gentleness is e'er forgiving,—
Live in love; 'tis pleasant living.

Why be angry with each other?
Man was made to love his brother :
Kindness is a human duty,
Meekness a celestial beauty.
Words of kindness spoke in season,
Have a weight with men of reason ;
Don't be others' follies blaming,
And their little vices naming ;

Charity's a cure for railing,
Suffers much, is all prevailing.
Courage then, and be forgiving,—
Live in love ; 'tis pleasant living.

Let thy loving be a passion,
Not a complimentary fashion ;
Love is wisdom, ever proving
True philosophy is loving :
Hast thou known that bitter feeling,
'Gendered by our hate's concealing ?
Better love, though ere so blindly,
E'en thy foes will call it kindly.
Words are wind : Oh, let them never
Friendship's golden love-cords sever !
Nor be angry, though another
Scorn to call thee friend or brother.
" Brother," say, " let's be forgiving,—
Live in love ; 'tis pleasant living."

UP AND DO!

Up, my lads, up—with the lark get up!
Health loves to drink from an early cup.
Do, my lads, do—with a purpose too:
Success seldom comes where the will moves slow.

Up with the merry bird, up and away,
And honour with effort the morn of your day;
Do, ere the shadows come over your eve,
And the web of your fortune, lads, thriftily weave.

Up! there's a work for the world to be done—
A battle to fight, and a race to be won:
Up, my lads, up, if the laurels you'd wear;
Do, if the palm of the victor you'd bear.

The timid "A lion! a lion!" may shout,
And then, like a fogleman, turn right about;
But onward, lads, onward! have courage to pass,
And soon you'll discover 't is only an ass.

Up, my lads, up ! though your talents are small,
Ye must all act your part, if ye 'd win, one and all :
The weakest, the strongest, the peasant, the peer,
The humblest and ablest, have work enough here.

There 's vice to be rooted, and virtues to sow,
And depths to be fathomed of error and woe ;
And ere ye can have the bright noontide of truth,
The sunlight of knowledge must dawn on your youth.

Whilst there 's want in the land, or a pang in the heart,
There 's a need that you act the Samaritan's part ;
And though Priestman and Levite both fail to bestow
Their oil, wine, and twopence, lads, up ye, and do !

Then up, my lads, up ! and at once get up,
And the wine of good pour from a liberal cup :
Do, my lads, do, and you 'll very soon know
That the world's lever lies in that one word—Do !

OUT OF THE LIGHT!

“OUT of the light!”—Hark! Justice thunders:

“Every foe to human right,

“Mental, moral, legal blunders,

“Stand not in the ways of light.”

Every glorious thing in nature,

Flowers, and stars, and diamond eyes,

Things of mean and giant stature,

Sunlit heavens and moonlit skies;

Every blooming, smiling feature,

Rosy cheek, and radiant brow,

Human or angelic creature,

Ever sung, and sing it now:

Whilst the king of heaven's mansion,

From this world's primeval night,

Throughout nature's wide expansion,

Loudly cries, “Let there be light.”

Out of the light, ye foes to knowledge,

Creeping forth from cloistered cell;

Keep your poison at your college,
That will suit us just as well.
Out of the light! Your false opinions
Feed not those who would be free;
Preach them to your crouching minions,
Those who can't or will not see.
Out of the light, ye foes to reason,
Know ye not (ye are not blind)
That it is the worst of treason
Thus to war against the mind.
Out of the light! Your learned cabals
May deceive an ignorant wight;
But to us they're old wives' fables,
Darkness 'mid a blaze of light.

Friends of truth, we'll let their rostrums
Wear their things of white and blue,
While we leave their much quack'd nostrums
For the beautiful and true.
Friends of truth, be undivided,
Wield the sword of common sense;
Fight! and when the war's decided,
Then we'll crown Intelligence.

Friends, the hour is just eleven,
Morn hath seen our battle won ;
See, you, then, your moral heaven
Wears a cloudless noontide sun.
Battle on, then ; battle bravely,
Scatter wide the rays of light ;
On your enemies shall gravely
Tell you, you were in the right.
Out of the light !” Hark, Justice thunders,
“ Every foe to truth and right,
Sacred, social, moral blunders,
“ Get you from the ways of light.”

THE PRIMROSE VOICE.

“ I’M come again to greet thee,
 With friendship’s purest glow,
Where I was wont to meet thee
 Full thirty years ago.
Thy mother here caressed me
 With an admiring joy,
Then, turning, kiss’d and bless’d thee,
 A ruddy, infant boy.
I drew thee forth in childhood,
 Where golden king-cups gleam,
A-down the rugged wild-wood,
 A-near the brawling stream ;
And well I loved thy praises,
 That revelled in the air
Of primroses and daisies—
 ’Twas melody most rare.

“ Oh, many a happy greeting
 Since then have we two seen ;

Yes, many a merry meeting
Ere buds were tipped with green ;
And many a flood of feeling
Hath gushed from thy dear heart,
As seasons came, revealing
The sign for us to part.
Yet men have proved falsehearted,
Embittering thine hours ;
And death from thee hath parted
Some sweet domestic flowers.

“ I told thee by yon hill-side,
When last we mingled tears,
I'd come again at spring-tide
Through all thy future years :
I vowed I'd leave a token,
A tiny tuft of green ;
My vow I've kept unbroken,
The token thou hast seen :
For where the ivy mantling
Repelled the snowy flake,
I saw thee watch my bantling
Upon the sterile brake.

A love, so pure, I'll cherish,
through all thy pain and prime,
when thy best friends perish,
I cheer thy latest time."

TO THE WILD CONVULVULUS.

UPON the lap of Nature wild
I love to view thee, Beauty's child ;
And mark the rose and lily white
Their charms in thy fair form unite :
I love to see thy trailing flowers
Quaffing the nectareous showers ;
I love to scent thy fragrance too,
When all thy cups are full of dew.
When shadows cross the solar beam,
Like sadness o'er a poet's dream,
Oh, how I joy to see the ray
Again upon thy bosom play !
I know not whether others feel
A pleasure by thy side to kneel,
And bless the Maker of the skies,
For kindling up such ecstacies ;
But when the old green lane I pace,
And gaze upon thy smiling face,

Such feelings thrill my inmost soul,
As Reason's self cannot control.
There is a beauty in thine eye
Which only poets can descry ;
There is a halo round thy head
Which only God himself can shed :
Ay, there's a glory circling thee
Which borders much on mystery,
A type to favoured mortals given
Of Beauty's antitype in Heaven.

THE WHITE VIOLET.

PALE Beauty went out 'neath a wintry sky,
From a nook where the gorse and the holly grew by,
And silently traversed the snow-covered earth
In search of a sign of floriferous birth.

It chanced, as she tearfully paced through a grove,
She shed a round symbol of sorrowful love,
When Flora decreed there should spring from the tear
A floret with fragrance of many a year.

It fell to the earth where a blue violet grew,
And clung to its root like a globule of dew ;
And ere, rough and burly, March ushered in spring,
It sprang up a fragrant and beautiful thing.

With purple and gold on an emerald stem
'Tis mounted—this jewel, this lily-white gem,
And worn by a world as the rich and the rare,
The Queen of the Spring-time, the pride of the fair.

THE CELANDINE.

DEAR Celandine, fresh from the green bank springing,
I hail thy visit to our world again ;
I heard the skylark in the bright cloud singing,
I heard the thrush a-piping up the lane,
And saw the sun with lion vigour flinging
The murky vapours from his golden mane.
Across my cheek the warm south wind came stealing,
With pressure soft as gentle mother's hand ;
And Zephyr whispered, " Celandine's revealing
Her glory somewhere in this lovely land."
And then I wandered where, all joyously,
The stream rushed downward to the clamouring mill,
And watched it foam and labour boisterously
To pour its force upon the water-wheel.
And now I've found thee, bright as star-fire glowing,
A little golden glory in the sun,
And feel new joy through all my being flowing,
As when I first beheld my only son.

'Tis passing strange, thou little thing enchanting,
That thou o'er me should'st hold such sweet control,
As thus to make me wander, lone and panting,
To seek this rapt enthrallment of the soul :
Yet so it is ; I can't resist the pleasure ;
I'd give a kingdom, had I one to give,
To dwell with thee, my pretty golden treasure,
And ever feel as I this moment live.

Where is thy little modest Primrose sister,
And pensive Snowdrop ? Daisy, where is she ?
It seems an age since I last saw and kissed her,
All rain-bewashed, upon the bleak, bare lea.
You say, " Where golden Daffodils are creeping
Thro' brambles tangled, there the Snowdrop's seen ;
That Primrose from the mossy bank is peeping,
And from the hill-top little ' Daisy Queen. ' "
A thank, my dear ; I'm happier for this meeting ;
I seem to feel I'm younger for it, too ;
I'll hie to them, and give them each a greeting,
And tell them all the joy I've had with you.
Ye souls ambitious, tossed on every billow,
Or floundering on the sands of discontent,

Peace would ye have, let Nature make your pillow,
 With flowers, and moss, and dewy gems besprent.
Go climb the hills where celandines and daisies,
 And snowdrops with their primrose sisters rest ;
Go list the birds, all jubilant of praises,
 And calm the passions of your troubled breast.
And you, whose lives are fettered by restriction,
 Whom fate has pent from this delightful sight,
And labour grim, and wearying affliction,
 Have doomed to witness one perpetual night,
If ye should feel a joy within your bosom,
 Whilst humming o'er my wild, untutored lay,
I'll tell you why I plucked this fancy-blossom—
 To make the face of grief look glad and gay.

THE DAISY.

A DAISY fair, with modest air,
A wintry scene adorning,
Withstood the blast that wildly passed
And chilled the night and morning.

She came to cheer the scene so drear,
And bared her pretty bosom,
Ere hawthorn trees perfumed the breeze
With beautifying blossom.

Her love I hailed, her fate bewailed,
She seemed a thing so tender,
And thus I tried, by yon hill-side,
From tempests to defend her.

My staff I dropped, the flow'ret propped,
When, lo! this aid was given—
A pillow white, and soft as light,
And snow-robe wove in heaven.

I mused awhile, with placid smile,
And thus began to reason :—
Each wintry hour must have its flower,
And every flower its season.

It taught my heart to bear its part
Henceforth without complaining :
This lesson take—a snowy flake,
Though cold, can be sustaining.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

PRETTY flowret, sweet and fair,
Pensive, weeping, withering there ;
Storms are raging, winds are high,
I fear thy beauty soon will die.
Of all the tints in Flora's train
Which paint the valley, hill, and plain,
None greets me with a lovelier grace
Than the pale yellow of thy face ;
Nothing repulsive lingers there,
Thy breath is rich, ambrosial air ;
And though the rose in fame doth shine,
Chief favourite thou art of mine.
Yes! when a child I wanton strayed,
Along the dew enamel'd mead,
My playmates I would oft forego,
And seek thee where thy clusters grow.
Ah lovely and impatient flower,
Why bloom in inauspicious hour ;

Thy leaves are scattered to the wind,
Scarcely thy stem remains behind.

I'll get some mould, provide a pot,
And in my little humble cot
A shelter thou shalt find, and bed,
To rear again thy scented head.
Thus mused I o'er the stricken flower,
And grieved I lacked the helping power
To pierce each poor man's hovel, too,
And rear a joy for every woe.

THE NEGLECTED HYACINTH.

I HAILED thee in the spring of life,
And sang thy merit's praise,
Ere thou hadst battled with the strife
And storm of wintry days.

I dearly love thee now as when
Within the fragrant dell,
Or by the roadside of the glen,
I sought thy purple bell.

Then underneath some branching tree,
I quaff'd thy odours sweet ;
And humm'd my notes of minstrelsy,
With brooklet at my feet.

In that loved nook I thought of ills,
Which press'd my hapless race ;
And dipped my crust in crystal rills,
And prized thy dwelling-place.

But thou art changed, for time has worn
Thy matchless charms away ;
And thou, alas ! art left forlorn,
In thy declining day.

Once damsels' lily fingers played
Around thy stems at noon ;
Where groups of rosy children strayed,
To gather age a boon.

Now, those who burned with pious wrath
To see thy clusters strewed
So wanton on the beaten path,
Pass by in haughty mood.

And heedless of thy hapless plight,
They look on thee with scorn ;
For flowers more gaudy meet their sight,
And fringe the summer's morn.

But take it not to heart, sweet flower,
Nor pine in solitude,
If thou art doomed to feel the power
Of base ingratitude.

Since men inspired with art and song,
Who loved both man and plant,
Have lived a life by far too long,
And starved through pinching want.

List Dryden's plaint—hear poor Burns mourn,
See Wilson, pale and wan ;
Till Haydon follows in his turn,
And dies, a ruined man.

O had I but the well-filled purse,
And Heaven vouchsafed the power ;
I'd free my fellow from his curse,
And save thee, too, sweet flower.

BUTTERFLIES AND FLOWERS.

(TO A FRIEND.)

As Sol was journeying through the year,
He paid his court to bonnie May ;
Who took him to a choice parterre,
To see her butterflies at play.

Through many a pathway fringed with green,
O'er many a rude-built rural stile,
The radiant Day-king tracked his Queen,
And paid her kindness with a smile.

Where wild-flowers in profusion scent
With sweet perfumes the ambient air ;
And trees in deep devotion bent,
And spread their hands to bless the pair.

Up rugged and primæval woods,
And down in far untrodden ways,
Where roll the everlasting floods,
The dazzling monarch shot his rays.

Where'er he went, the lovers smiled,
And music trilled o'er moor and mead ;
The golden gorse-bush sparkled wild,
And Heaven with azure was o'erspread.

The trailing bramble threw its shade,
In shapes fantastic o'er the earth ;
The hawthorns' odour filled the glade,
And souls poetic glowed with mirth.

At length they reach a moss-lined nook,
Where silence waits the Cuckoo's note,
To waft her echoes o'er the brook,
And bid them on the south wind float.

A-down the daisy-dappled slope,
By rich laburnum-shaded bowers,
They bade each flower no longer mope,
But shake away the chilling showers.

The bleeding daisy op'd her eye
To look upon her glorious Lord ;
The modest primrose, weeping by,
Looked up, and saw, and then adored.

The pensive bluebell dried her tears,
 And flung away the clinging dew ;
The violets, too, those blue-eyed dears,
 Grew brighter and looked happier too.

And now they reached a garden gate,
 Where bloomed the stateliest flowers that blow,
The tulip in her robes of state,
 And roses red and white as snow.

The balmy-breathing jonquil stood
 Erect in all his yellow pride ;
And bright japonicas were woo'd
 By ruby wall-flowers near their side.

A thousand other beauties shone,
 Rich as the stars in sable skies ;
And laughed in joy till Sol was gone,
 When dewy sorrows dimmed their eyes.

List, Mortal, listen. Such is life,
 All golden, 'neath a prosperous sun ;
But few have strength to brave the strife,
 That follows when their wealth is gone.

And such are friends ! for in his ray,
 Borne on the wings of gossamer,
A thousand insects with their play
 Filled all the air with constant whirr.

Bright Butterflies on ruby wings,
 White, green, gold, azure, orange, red,
Came forth and kissed the glorious things :
 But where were they when Sol had fled ?

Flown, flown ! And in adversity,
 Say, who would enter once thy door,
Of all those friends who visit thee,
 If Rumour whispered thou wert poor ?

WHERE HAST THOU BEEN, MY BEAUTIFUL SPRING?

WHERE hast thou been, my beautiful Spring ?
To the sultry south, on the swallow's wing ;
Kissing the little kidnapped slave,
Ere borne away on the deep blue wave ;
Brushing the tear from the mother's cheek,
As she wept for her child at Mozambique ?
Else whence comest thou with this potent charm,
 Chaining the winds to the frigid zone,
Making the breast of Nature warm,
 And stilling old Winter's undertone ?

Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring ?
Away with the honey-bee wandering,
Sipping the nectar of famed Cashmere,
Sporting amid the Turk's parterre,
Quaffing warm Araby's balmy breeze,
And spicy scents of the Ceylonese ?
Else whence comest thou with thy odorous breath,
 Chafing the cheek to a rosy bloom,

And scattering the poisonous air of death,
By flinging abroad a rich perfume ?

Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring ?
Up, 'mid Heaven's music revelling ?
For the tones of thy song from the greenwood bush,
The lark in the sky, and the mountain thrush,
Speak as if it were given to thee
To list to seraphic minstrelsy.
Aye there thou hast been. Not sunny France,
Or old Italia's land of song,
Can furnish such notes for the Poet's dance,
As the melody poured from thy musical tongue.

Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring ?
Plucking rich plumes from the paroquet's wing,
Robbing the clouds of their rainbow crest,
Bathing thyself in the glorious west,
Robing thy form in the peacock's hues,
And gathering pearls from the orient dews ?
Else whence comest thou, with this proud array
Of beauties to sprinkle the russet wood,
Those Lent-lilies bending as if to pray,
And hyacinths fringing the marge of the flood ?

And tell me whence cometh, my beautiful Spring,
Each star of the earth, each odorous thing,
These white-fringed daisies with golden-dipped eyes,
These buttercups gleaming like summer-lit skies,
These violets adorned with rich purple and blue,
These primroses fragrant and innocent too ;
And lastly, the sweetest and richest, I ween,
 Of all thy fair daughters, my beautiful Spring,
The buddings that stud all thy pathways with green,
 Say, where were they gathered to shake from thy
 wing ?

AN APRIL MEMORY.

'T WAS a lovely time! an image of bliss
Was pictured upon the earth ;
Away on the hills young Spring was seen,
Tipping the buds with virgin green,
While Music tripped down the slopes between,
In fellowship with Mirth.

Far up on high the great sun walked,
In stately grandeur proud ;
While the Moon from the bright blue April sky
Peeped from her noonday throne on high,
Like a softened beam in a maiden's eye,
Or a shred of pearly cloud.

And where, but late the lightnings flashed,
And thunder drove his car,
Higher than might-winged eagles stray,
A lark poured forth a melodious lay,
As he trembling hung by a golden ray—
A musical noonday star.

Down where the fairy-winged zephyrs sport
 With butterfly, flower, and bee,
A brooklet, in search of her ocean love,
Sang the same notes as the lark above,
As she danced along through the chequered grove,
 Seeking her native sea.

The gray gulls had left their rock-built home,
 And billow-beaten strand,
And, trooping away from the rocking sea,
Went circling up most joyously,
Singing and soaring till past by me,
 Like saints to the spirit land.

Away in the forest, birds talked of love,
 And insects whispered bliss ;
For the robin, the finch, and the tiny wren,
Had chosen their little ladies then,
And the honey-bee stole through the fragrant glen,
 In search of a violet's kiss.

And yet 't was a time when the young year weeps—
 For gay things weep, you know ;
When from their cloud-lids in the skies,

Big drops roll out from their azure eyes,
Tinging the heavens with rainbow dyes,
And pearling the earth below.

And there were other eyes that wept,
And owned deep feeling's power :
Eyes that had gazed upon that scene,
Its gorse-crowned banks with burnished sheen,
Its blue-bells bright, as they peeped between,
Rich as the golden hour.

'T was an emigrant leaving his island home,
For far Columbia's shore,
Who halted awhile where he used to play,
And knelt by a primrose group to pray,
Then tearfully turned his head away,
From scenes he should see no more.

I learnt there is no bright thing of joy,
But hath its time of woe ;
The smiling babe its tears will shed,
The bride with her orange-bloom round her head,
Yea, every joy a grief must wed,
Like the cloud the radiant bow.

MAY.

HERE she comes, the bonnie May,
Sportive as a lamb at play,
Beauteous as in days of yore,
Welcome to the rich and poor ;
Nought is gloomy, sad, or drear,
All is gladness everywhere,
Church's porch and castle-way
Boast their sprigs of living May :
Village lads are up betimes,
Waiting not for morning chimes,
Leaving each his smoking home
Through the fresh green world to roam ;
See them one by one return,
Raptures in their bright eyes burn,
As the branch is borne along
To the time of ancient song,
This the burthen of their lay,
" Here she comes, the First of May."
Now their little hands begin,
' Mid the shouts and merry din,

Pretty wreaths and floral rings,
For their May-day offerings ;
Not a tulip, or a rose,
To the simplest flower that blows,
Lilac or cardaminé,
Heartsease or anemoné,
Woodbine trailing in the lane,
Gorse and hawthorn, come again,
Sweet laburnums, breaking buds,
Wildlings in the underwoods,
Wallflowers 'neath the window-sills,
Hyacinths and daffodils,
Not a flow'ret, great or small,
But is welcome, one and all.

Here she comes, the romping May !
Come to keep her holiday,
Coming at the cuckoo's call
To the year's high festival ;
See the little urchins red
Bounding o'er the shining mead,
Skipping in their childish glee
With their sisters lovingly ;

See her now with laughing eyes,
Where the tow'ring maypoles rise,
Dancing to her own sweet tune,
Never known to sunny June ;
Every heart is lightsome now,
Clustered 'neath the green elm bough ;
Round the maypole, round and round,
Men, and maids, and children bound ;
Showering, as they halt between,
Honours on their May-day Queen ;
E'en the hamlet's oldest men
Laugh, and feel they're young again,
Shouting as each chaplet swings,
Till the very welkin rings.
Sadness hath no song for her,
May's the merriest of the year.

Here she comes, the queenly May,
Showering daisies on her way,
Bits of ermine wildly thrown
O'er the carpet of her lawn ;
See, she comes in budding green,
Peering through a golden screen,

Wearing clouds for diadems,
Starry flowers for sparkling gems ;
Round her brow, see, halos shine
More than lovely, half divine ;
Now in budding robes of state
See her enter beauty's gate,
Where the white and carmine bloom
Of the apple sheds perfume ;
See her, in her courtly dress,
All her smiling train caress,
Honeybees and butterflies,
Living flow'rets of the skies ;
See her string her dewy pearls
On the woodbine's tender curls,
'Till upon her breast she wears
Necklaces of April tears.

Would ye see this queenly maid
In her russet garb arrayed,
Like a queen in private life,
Acting as the young year's wife ?
See her after April's showers,
Dressing all her little flowers,

Wiping drops that April dash'd
Off the beauties lately wash'd ?
Would ye see her artist hand
Flinging glories o'er the land,
Pencilling with radiant beam
Sunfire on each running stream ;
Tinting every opening flower
With a beautifying shower ;
Tossing blossoms on the trees,
Tuning every wandering breeze ?
Would ye hear her dulcet voice
Bid the forest tribes rejoice ?
Hear each bird on vocal bough
Shout " Here comes the maiden now " ?
Go, where yonder daisy's head
Marks the foot-prints she has made ;
Track her where the zephyr's foot
Scarcely bends the tender shoot ;
Wander o'er the babbling brook,
Linger by each shady nook ;
Bound across the fragrant lawn
Where the buttercups are sown ;
Halt beside each flowing stream
Till the breaking wavelets gleam :

When you see her smiling face
Mirror'd in that hallowed place,
'Tell her, whilst her dazzling eyes
Rob the azure of the skies,
Whilst her pretty rosebud mouth
Breathes the fragrance of the south,
Whilst the sun is on her brow
Thou wilt be her lover !—Thou !

JUNE.

HARK ! she is here—'t is the rosy-faced June,
Striking her harp to her merriest tune ;
Yes ! she is come, for her presence is told
In her azurc-capped mountains and meadows of gold.

Yes ! she is here : ye may hear her glad tongue
In the note of the blackbird and nightingale's song ;
In the love-tones of throstles that talk at the even,
And the lark as she sings at the portals of heaven.

Yes ! she is here, with her fugitive hours,
Painting her name on the leaves and the flowers ;
Sporting about with her butterfly mien,
Rivalling in beauty the humming-bird's sheeu.

Yes ! she is come, on her blossom-plumed wings,
Strewing the land with all-beautiful things ;
Gilding the moments that merrily pass,
Breathing sweet aroma over the grass.

Yes! she is come, in celestial attire,
With mantle of brightness, and vestments of fire,
To walk the green earth as an elf of the grove,
And reign as the spirit of music and love.

Yes! she is come, and the prodigal May,
Grown sick of her glory, hath passéd away,
Bequeathing to June all her garlands and posies,
Of hawthorn, and clover, and crimson-tipped roses.

Yes! she is come, with her network of leaves,
And homes for the bird and the Poet she weaves;
And welcomes them out to the forest and glade,
To sport in her sunshine and dance in her shade.

Yes! she is come, and her cherry-lips bear
Pledges of plenty and prosperous cheer;
There is corn in the fields, there is fruit on the trees,
And happiness, wander wherever you please.

Yes! she is here, for the little ones shout,
As the musical stroke of the mower rings out;
And the blossoms that May in profusion had thrown,
By the scythe of the peasant "lie withered and strown."

Yes! she is come, for the lads are away,
Where lasses are laughing and tossing the hay;
And the odorous breezes that sweep o'er the ground,
Bear their songs to the hills and the valleys around.

Yes! she is come: yet how sad is the truth,
That her glory must fade like the blossoms of youth,
And the hedge-rows that now are begarnished with
green,
May shed the sear leaf o'er our dearest of kin.

Yes, it is true, but we hope yet again
To see her once more o'er the hill-peak and plain,
And give us a pledge that the dead ones we love
Shall blossom again in the garden above.

SEPTEMBER MUSINGS.

How beautiful! A tranquilising hush
Is breathing silence o'er the listening earth.
It is the Sabbath month, the resting time,
When Nature pauseth 'mid her busy toil ;
When chattering brooks and little singing birds
Soften their music in the grand old woods ;
When Quiet walks abroad with cushioned feet,
To bid the skylark o'er the arrish roam,
Lest he disturb the musings of the year,
By singing out his melodies to heaven.

'Tis passing sweet, at such a time as this,
Upon the summit of the green-capped hill,
Besprinkled o'er with pretty pimpernels
And clover-bloom, to pause and meditate ;
And then, along some solitary way,
To mark the purple scabious shake her plume,
Or watch pretentious foxgloves nod farewells
To shame-faced daisies. Pleasant, too, to walk
Where lesser hawkweeds dangle to and fro,
And buttercups droop, sighing for the sun ;

Or, where sweet Echo mocks the nutter's strain,
To breast courageously the prickly tribes,
Look lovingly upon the dragon's gold,
Sip luscious sweets from honeysuckle lips,
Cull elder-berries for December wine,
And tell the hare-bell, ere she pass away,
She is the fairest of all earth-born stars.

Hark ! on the air no mirthful notes are borne
From "merry harvesters" in corn-crowned fields ;
Tranquillity hath, with her softest hand,
Laid Nature, slumbering, on the lap of Peace ;
The harvest wains have left the narrow lanes,
No more to rattle down the rocky steep ;
No more the horse, that dozed with harness on,
Sweats as he lab'ring drags the golden load ;
Or sickles, whetted well, to measured time,
Flash in the sunbeam from the reaper's hand.
Yon hovering clouds refuse to break the peace,
And wait fresh orders ere they take their flight.
The venerable trees have ceased their wild
And once fantastic dance. In deep suspense,
They drop their broad and leafy-fingered hands,
As if they doubted which 't were best to do,
To doff their mantles or to keep them on.

Those furious winds, that erst in legions came
Howling and roaring from the storm-torn north,
Like maddened wolves, or those whose piteous moan
Begged for admission through each gaping chink,
E'en *they* breathe music soft as dulcet notes,
And whisper pleasure unto listening souls.

See, Earth, enveloped in her soberest garb,
Looks like a matron of maturer years :
Her gilded hours and gorgeous hues are gone,
And, save her coral beads, but lately strung,
In clusters red on honeysuckle shrubs,
Some pearly globes in wild profusion flung
Upon the network of a spider's web,
And here and there a diamond shining bright,
In beauty dangling from some bramble twig,
You'd ne'er have known she'd ever been a Queen.
But ah ! old age is on her, and its gray
Is hastening to a whiter tone. Just then
A cruel sportsman brought a partridge down,
A minstrel robin fluttered from the eaves,
A fly flew buzzing by me, then some geese
Cackled, as Bob, the ploughboy, trudged along,
And turned the current of my quiet song.

OCTOBER.

THE gloomy days are come again,
Telling their doleful tale,
And singing the dirge of Autumn's months,
With a melancholy wail.

The trees are bare, and every stream
Is laden with a sigh,
And the year is pouring a flood of tears
Along the murky sky.

They called October sad and drear,
As she passed o'er the fading scene,
Spreading decay in each forest way,
Where the young year's life was green.

But still, October was not so sad
As men would have her be,
For when baring the wood, she covered the sod
'Mid the shouts of revelry.

Mirth danced where the wine-press yet was sweet,
And sport blew the huntsman's horn,
While linnet-choirs cheerily sang in the bush,
And the lark now and then to the morn.

Now the songs that we hear are the jay's wild screech,
Or the croak of some raven or crow,
Or the rustling of leaves from the blast-beaten beech
To the mire-covered ground below.

Then a song for October, the ruby-faced month,
That showered the acorns down ;
The beauty that came with the blush on her cheek,
And a mantle of russet and brown.

O, I loved her! and sought her in serpentine paths,
O'er many a rock-paven way,
When her glories were falling like withering hopes,
To give room for the buddings of May.

And, wending my way where the feather-clad fern
Bent down with its yellow plumes low,
I track'd her where hawthorn and roseberries burn,
To vie with the holly's rich glow.

Through the wood and the wild, as I scrambled along,
Full many a song-bird would stir,
And wake into life a new thought for a song
With the sound of their fluttering whirr.

But, O, I shall never forget the bright smoke
That curled from the cot in the dale,
As it stole 'mid the back-ground of chestnut and oak,
Like a stream of rich blue thro' the vale.

At length I arrived at a torrent-washed glen,
And, leaping the leaf-mottled flood,
I soon found her out by the acorn-boy's shout
That rang through the echoing wood.

O yes, she was there, a fair goddess arrayed
With a chaplet of beautiful hues,
Like a wreath of rich rainbows encircling her head,
And a tiara mounted with dews.

Yes, there 'mid the bright and the blue marbled skies,
From her hand she threw out on the breeze
All her richly-gilt leaves, more than gold in my eyes,
Which looked like rich bloom on the trees.

But, alas for October, her beauty is flown,
And nought but her skeleton's seen ;
Still we know, tho' it fled on the wings of the storm,
'Twill be here when next summer hath been.

So know, mortals, know, when the lov'd ones of life
Shall wither like Autumn away,
Ye have only in Nature to turn o'er a page
To learn how life springs from decay.

NOVEMBER.

I KNOW thou art here by thy blood-chilling breath,
And the snow-fall that drifts by the door,
By the gloom of thy presence, the shadow of death,
And the wail of the blast on the moor.

No golden-streaked cloudlets illumine thy morn,
No rainbow o'er-arches thy path,
Thy features begrimed mark a tyrant forlorn,
And thy portion's a cup full of wrath.

No smile of the Spring time or Summer remains,
No Autumn bird pipes from the tree ;
The moorland-born child hears thy pat on the panes,
And his creeping flesh quivers at thee.

October wept rains at the eve of thy birth,
And shed her brown leaves with her tears ;
And cries of despair swept the surface of earth,
As she fled from the monster of years.

O, cruel November, thy presence is drear,
Thou art Death on his Pale Horse to me ;
And swift-winged Destruction flies fast in thy rear,
And points to her parent in thee.

WINTER, 1855.

EARTH is crispy 'neath the tread,
Hills are capped with dazzling snow,
Boys throw water-balls below,
Clouds are freezing overhead.

Streams which ran the hill-side down,
Leaping on the water-wheel,
Now enlock the greedy mill,
Silent 'neath its Alpine crown.

Rivers now are sheeted glass,
Where the lads their revels hold,
Heedless of the biting cold,
Or the skaters as they pass.

Yonder barge and creaking oar
Cease the listening sense to jar ;
Stem, and stern, and chain, and spar
Seem like things of use no more.

Night by night, and day by day,
Birds which merry made the spring,
Puffed and famished, droop the wing,
Dying on the broad highway.

And the poor—God help the poor!
See them how they sit and freeze,
Gnashing teeth, and knocking knees!—
Rich man, seek the poor man's door!

CHRISTMAS BELLS!

RING out, ye merry bells! Welcome bright icicles!

Welcome old holly-crowned Christmas again!

Blithe as a child at play, keeping his holiday,

Welcome him in from the snow-peak and plain.

Up with the holly-bough, green from the winter's brow;

Lock up your ledgers and cares for a day;

Out to the forest go, gather the mistletoe,

Old and young, rich and poor, up and away.

Up with the holly-bough, ay, and the laurel now;

In with the yule-log, and brighten the hearth;

Quick! he is here again, come with his joyous train,

Laughter, and Music, and Friendship, and Mirth.

Up with your holly-boughs, high in each manor-house

Garnish the antlers that hang in the hall;

Yes, and the "neck" of corn with a gay wreath adorn

Rich as the bloom on the cottager's wall.

Wealth has its duties now, Christians, you will allow ;
Think, then, ye rich, whilst your tables are spread,
Think of those wretched ones, Poverty's stricken sons,
Weeping, whilst children are asking for bread.

Ring out, ye merry bells ! ring till your music swells
Out o'er the mountain and far on the main ;
Ring till those cheerless ones catch up your merry tones,
Singing, "Come, Christmas, again and again."

COME TO THE GREENWOOD, COME!

COME, come to the greenwood, come !
Come, ere the cuckoo's note dies on the lea ;
 Come, whilst the hawthorn blows
 Beautiful summer snows,
And honey-bees sing in the sycamore tree.

Come, come to the greenwood, come !
Come, and I'll crown thee with leaves from the bough ;
 Come, whilst the sooty bird*
 Soft as a lute is heard,
Waking the hill from its base to the brow.

Come, come to the greenwood, come !
Come, whilst the turtles are talking above ;
 Come, and I'll weave for thee,
 Down by the willow-tree,
Songs full of flowers in the loom of my love.

* The blackbird.

Come, come to the greenwood, come !
Come where the violet-wing butterflies play ;
 Come whilst the heather-bell
 Rings in the hollow dell,
Come, my sweet Lily-love, come, come away.

A SPRINGTIDE WELCOME.

HAIL to thee, nymph of sunny face,
With thy emerald robes of flowing grace!
To the woodland come with thy rich-toned lyre,
And the forest tribe with thy music fire.
We have looked for the woodbine and leafy bower,
The moss-covered couch and vernal shower,
The primroses' peep, and rich blue-bell,
And the purple violet of the dell.

We have looked for her white scented sister too,
And the bright golden kingcup, quaffing dew,
With the daisy, star of the floral train,
And her laughing eye ; but looked in vain,
Till thy mild, soft glance, and genial smile,
Chased the north's chill blasts from our favourite isle ;
Like the passions that swell in the angry breast,
Are lulled by the mild, soft look to rest.

We have listened to hear the cuckoo's note,
Tunefully on the breezes float,

Whilst the lithe-built lark, from the wide-stretched
plain,
With his fresh-plumed wings would soar again ;
And, mounting, warble his varied lay,
In the radiant face of the orb of day ;
Winging his upward, onward flight,
Till he vanished in effulgent light.

When dark-visaged Night had relinquished her reign,
And the skies by the sun were illumined again,
Or when in the west the bright Day-God would die,
And burnish the clouds with a glance from his eye ;
Inhaling the balmy, ambrosial air,
We have listened to hear some melody rare ;
But mute was the valley, and silent the grove,
No chorister echoed the music of love ;
For Albion's chief songsters had fled from the hill,
And nature was sullen, and cheerless, and still.

O sweet child of grace and beauty divine,
We yield to thy sceptre, and bow at thy shrine ;
Invoking thy presence with innocent mirth,
To hover awhile o'er our beautiful earth.

For hark! o'er the valley from yon verdant hill,
The speckled thrush pipes forth his notes wild and
shrill,
Soft winds kiss the streams, as they murmur along,
And invite them to join in the rapturous song.
Then hail to thee, Nymph of beauty and bloom,
And breezes impregn'd with the sweetest perfume;
Of halcyon moments, and happiest hours,
Of down-buttoned willows and beautiful flowers.

THE SEAGULL.

BIRD of the Ocean,
Graceful in motion,
Swift in thy passage from inland to sea ;
Oft I in fancy pace
Over thy dwelling place,
Dear to thy nestlings and precious to me.

Bright in eccentric flight,
Gleaming with purest white,
Floating through ether, all buoyant and free ;
Raptured, I've seen thee swerve
From thy fantastic curve,
Dropping with call-note to sport on the lea.

Oft when the billows foam,
Far from thy native home,
Sheltered by woodland, near meadow and brook,
Over a rugged stile,
Thoughtful, I've leaned awhile,
Watching thee play with some black-a-moor rook.

And on the shore I've stood,
Marking thy snowy brood,
Dive 'neath the silver wave, searching for prey ;
Then to the surface rise,
Soar to the fleecy skies,
Coo to thy comrades, and hasten away.

Bird of the Ocean,
Graceful in motion,
Had I the pinions of Genius to soar,
Wild as thy airy flight,
I'd on her wings of light
All the fair regions of Fancy explore.

TO THE CUCKOO.

CUCKOO, cuckoo, singing mellow,
Ever when the fields are yellow ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, wandering ever,
Like a wavelet on a river ;
Breathing on the gentle wind,
Tones as soft as mother's kind ;
Rivalling with thy simplest rote
Birds of richer, rarer note ;
Something more than fantasy,
Scarcely a reality ;
Now an echo, who knows where,
Now a flying song in air ;
Ringing now in solemn dell
Nature's holy temple bell.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, singing mellow,
Ever when the fields are yellow ;
When the summer threads her woof,
Golden through the forest roof,

Spreading a celestial sheen
O'er the grand cathedral scene,
Then I wander at thy call,
Pensive and devotional,
In a calm and thoughtful mood,
To thy sacred solitude,
Pious homage there to pay,
In the mellowed light of day :
Low, 'neath branchy sycamore,
Hung with honey-blossoms o'er ;
Where the labour-loving bee
Chaunts his softest psalmody ;
Kneeling on the mossy floor,
Oft I worship and adore.
Cuckoo, sweet it is to be,
Thus alone with God and thee.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, singing mellow,
Ever when the fields are yellow :
When our morns with crimson blush,
Velvet woods wear silken plush,
Dams watch giddy lambkins play,
Maidens blossom like the May,

Zephyrs flit from tree to tree,
Singing Nature's symphony ;
When our old lanes, smiling, wear
Rainbow beauties everywhere ;
Happy as the day is long,
Then I live a life of song,
Singing, cuckoo, sweet as thee,
Welcome sunny days to me.

Cuckoo, cuckoo (often sighing,
Like a love-lorn maiden, flying
All the joys that crown a wife,
Wasting with her song, her life),
With thy sweet monotony,
Days of yore come back to me ;
Days of gladness, when a boy,
Days when life was love and joy ;
Sadder memories, too, are stirred,
With thy plaintive note, sweet bird ;
Thoughts of days for ever gone,
When like thee, I wandered lone,
Singing only one sad song,
Sorrow, sorrow, low and long.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, singing mellow,
Ever when the fields are yellow ;
Filling every hollow vale
With the music of thy tale ;
Child of April, sing away ;
Memories of a brighter day
Steal upon me like a dream,
When beside some dimpled stream,
Leaning on my trusty arm,
Mother sought her cuckoo's charm :
Where the snow-capt hawthorns blow,
Lo, I see her, pacing slow ;
Halting in her walk along,
Listening to thy quiet song,
Saying as she turned to me,
" How I love his melody."

Cuckoo, cuckoo, singing mellow,
When the buttercups are yellow ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, wandering ever,
Like a wavelet on a river ;
Year by year as seasons roll,
Come, sweet solace of my soul ;

Come where youthful lovers rove,
To the May-green bowery grove ;
Come,—and this I crave of thee,
Sing thy same old song to me.

THE OLD GRAY THRUSH.

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)

OF all the birds of tuneful note
That warble o'er field and flood,
O give me the thrush with the speckled throat,
The king of the ringing wood :
For he sits upon the topmost twig
To carol forth his glee,
And none can dance a merrier jig
Or laugh more loud than he.
So the thrush, the thrush, the old gray thrush,
A merry, blithe old boy is he ;
You may hear him on the roadside bush,
Or the topmost twig of the mountain tree.

Ere Spring arrayed in robes of green
Bids beautiful flow'rets start,
He cheereth up dull December's scene
With a song from his gushing heart ;
But sweeter far are his notes to me,
When piping to the morn,

He woos the bright sun o'er the lea
With a flourish of his horn.
So the thrush, the thrush, the old gray thrush,
A merry, blithe old boy is he ;
You may hear him on the roadside bush,
Or the topmost twig of the mountain tree.

To come with the balmy breath of Spring,
And chaunt to the orient beam,
To hop on his favourite bough and sing,
When rich ruby sunsets gleam ;
To feed his love in her moss-built nest,
To rear us a singing brood,
And fire with song the poet's breast,
He haunteth the green-roofed wood.
O! the thrush, the thrush, the old gray thrush,
A merry, blithe old boy is he ;
You may hear him on the roadside bush,
Or the topmost twig of the mountain tree.

MY BARTON HOME.

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)

O SING to me that pretty lay,
Whose notes, like marriage bells,
Attune my heart to minstrelsy,
And break the saddest spells;
I mean that song, "My Barton Home,"
Whose myrtles o'er the door,
And blushing roses climb and throw
Their shadows on the floor:
'Tis there my father's blossoms grow,
My mother's sweetest flowers,
And there with bees and butterflies
I pass my happy hours.
Happy hours! happy hours!
Spent with bees and blooming flowers:
Happy hours! happy hours!
Are not Lucy's happy hours?

My Barton Home, my Barton Home,
What mem'ries round it cling

Of emerald studs and rosy-buds
At each returning spring :
Of bird notes, dropped from summer skies,
Of autumn's boisterous mirth,
When sturdy reapers gathered there,
Around its spacious hearth ;
And then, at Christmas-tide, what joy
Rang through its ample hall,
As friends and neighbours crowded in,
To spend the festival !
Happy hours ! happy hours !
Dancing round the Christmas flowers ;
Happy hours ! happy hours !
Are not Lucy's happy hours ?

My Barton Home ! my Barton Home !
Ah, many a change must come
Ere I shall lose from off my soul
The image of my home ;
For things more fair are painted there
Than bees or budding flowers ;
My father in his antique chair
To make us happy hours ;

The morning kiss, the evening prayer ;
 My brothers, ruddy boys !
My sisters, too, gay laughing sprites,
 Three bright and blue-eyed joys ;
And then there is my mother dear,
 With locks of silvery gray,
Teaching her young domestic choir
 To make all seasons gay.
 Happy hours ! happy hours !
 Loves and kisses come in showers ;
 Happy hours ! happy hours !
 Happy, happy, happy hours !

GOD BLESS YE, MERRY HARVESTERS.

GOD bless ye, merry harvesters ! down with the golden
grain ;

I love to hear your sickle strokes enlivening the plain,
And joy to see those happy smiles which brighten up
your face,

Gleam through those briny drops of sweat, and give
your cheeks a grace.

I love to see your waving fields like undulating seas,
And green blades flutter in the wind like pennants in
the breeze ;

But more I love your monuments, reared by the hand of
toil,

Those yellow sheaves and golden stacks which crown
the gen'rous soil.

Ye sing of other harvesters who mow down fields of men,
Who widows make, and orphans too, then deify the slain ;

But, tell me, are those crimson piles, heaped high in
bloody strife,
Deserving more the song of praise than bread, the staff
of life ?

Long may ye live, and healthfully, to quaff the cup of
peace,
And may your flocks, and little ones, and lowing herds
increase ;
And oh! may He who giveth bread send plenty to your
door,
Enough to spread the rich man's board, and satisfy the
poor.

“God bless ye, merry harvesters!” let every Briton sing,
Till with the song the hills awake and lowly valleys ring ;
'Neath cottage, hall, and temple roof prolong the joyous
strain,—

God bless ye, merry harvesters ! again, again, again.

God bless ye, merry harvesters, who plough the fallow
sod,
Who sow the seed and harrow it, then leave the rest to
God ;

To Him who sendeth sun and rain, and seed, and harvest time,
God speed ye all, ye sturdy sons of England's happy clime.

And ye who own the fruitful soil, as Boaz did of old,
Pray don't forget the helping hands that store your purse with gold ;
But when young Ruth, the gleaner, comes, go, bid your honest men
Drop, here and there and liberally, an ear of precious grain.

God help ye all, ye harvesters, and when that day shall come,
When those who sow and reap in tears shall shout the harvest home ;
May ye among those ripened shocks be found of which we read,
And find yourselves safe lodged in heaven as precious garnered seed.

ROSA BRIGHT.

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)

UP at rosy morning,
Carolling away ;
Trilling through the noontide
Like a bird o' May ;
Storing at the even
Visions for the night,
Who is happier than she,
Pretty Rosa Bright ?

Tell me, lovely maiden,
Living in the vale—
Listen, brawny laddie,
Hearken to my tale—
Have you seen my darling,
Clad in kirtle white,
Asking if her Colin seeks
Dimpled Rosa Bright ?

Down upon the thyme-bank
 Pretty Rosa lies,
Singing merry love-notes,
 Glancing at the skies.
There she was this morning,
 There she is to-night,
Asking if her Colin seeks
 Pretty Rosa Bright.

“Meet me by the thyme-bank,”
 Pretty Rosa said ;
“Meet me when the Night-Queen
 Walketh overhead.”
Love delights to whisper
 Secrets in the night :
I am off a-wooing now
 Pretty Rosa Bright.

THE TRIUMPH OF ENERGY.

“UP!” cried the great Napoleon,
“O’er yonder hills I go ;
I know no word ‘Impossible ;’
Up, Frenchmen, up and do !”
And how they climbed the Alpine heights,
And cut their passage through,
Is writ in characters sublime
On the eternal snow.

“Up!” shouted conquering Wellington,
At famous Waterloo ;
“Up, up, my Guards ! my Britons, up !
And lay the foemen low.”
Away, away, o’er heaps of slain,
His mighty warriors sped,
And, ere another morning dawned,
The “Invincibles” lay dead.

Up, up ! ye men of nobler soul,
Who cope with moral ill ;

Ye men of head, ye men of heart,
Ye men of iron will.
Up! penetrate each den of woe ;
Explore the shades of night ;
Nor cease until you leave behind
A track of brighter light.

A MAN I KNOW.

HE owns neither houses nor lands,
His wealth is a character good ;
A pair of industrious hands,
A drop of poetical blood.

He never of fortune complains,
Of parentage, learning, or birth ;
The sweat of his brow, and his brains,
Yield more than he asketh on earth.

A bark in a tempest-tossed sea,
Exposed to each treacherous whirl ;
A dew-drop lit up on the lea ;
A rude shell concealing a pearl.

Unknown—far too modest to know ;
A floret of little perfume ;
A star, yet unseen, by his glow
Content his own sphere to illum.

His bliss is his eventide hours ;
His book, wife, and children his pride ;
In joy they're his sweetest of flowers,
And angels when sorrows betide.

His home is the mansion of God ;
His altar's where Beauty's enshrined ;
His path is where forest trees nod ;
His study's a cell in his mind.

Content in obscurity's nook,
His thoughts are prophetic and sage ;
And when Death has scaled up his book,
You'll wish you had scanned o'er a page.

THE REVERIE.

No sound was heard, a gentle hush
 Silenced the earth, the sea, and air ;
 No lark rose from the moorland bare,
Or woodland rang with piping thrush.

The yellow leaf forsook the tree,
 Leaving the trunk, that gave it birth,
 To sleep upon the silent earth,
In nature's soft tranquillity.

The orange moon lit up the mere,
 The sun went down in scarletry,
 And Venus, like a light at sea,
Shone on the idle windmill near.

The broad clouds wore their crimson bands,
 All interspersed with rainbow dyes ;
 And, 'neath the rich autumnal skies,
The wavelets sported on the sands.

Alone upon the sea-girt shore,
 Bathed in the glories of the scene,
 With melting soul, and brow serene,
A Poet stood, and asked no more.

Two lovers in the evening air,
 A brawny lad and gentle lass,
 Paced o'er the unresounding grass,
Chanting their song in music rare.

Still there he stood, nor deigned to turn,
 Caging his thoughts, new-flown from heaven,
 And felt his soul to frenzy driven,
And fires of inspiration burn.

“O God!” he cried, “instruct a worm!
 Almighty, Good, and Uncreate,
 Oh, teach me how to meditate
Upon thy wonders multiform.”

He ceased: And as from yonder sphere
 Strains came in tones of gentle love,
 And bade his ear instinctive move,
As 'twere an angel whispering near.

Was it an echo from above
Of anthem sung where seraphs fly,
Sweet music dropping from the sky,
And come to tune his soul to love ?

It ceased, the lovers stole away,
They knew that spirit, lingering there,
Sublimely sang the great and rare,
In notes of sweetest roundelay.

And when he mixed again with men,
He sang with such seraphic tongue,
That all who heard his burning song,
Proclaimed 'twas writ with cherub's pen.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE YEW.

(WRITTEN IN WESTLEIGH CHURCH-YARD, NEAR BIDEFORD, DEVON.)

O! TELL me, tell me, venerable tree,
Thou with the rifted riud and gnarled trunk,
How cam'st thou in that solemn place to be,
Hooded and grave as a religious monk?

What were the emotions of the tender soul
Who took thee, when a sapling, from thy bed,
And made thee by that little grassy knoll
A constant resident among the dead?

Stand'st thou a monument of silent grief,
A sad memento of some mother's love,
Who mourned an "innocent," and found relief
By planting thee in this sepulchral grove?

Art thou a token of some rustic maid,
Who bade thee all th' unuttered secret tell,
How that she lived to be by man betrayed,
And died, alas! because she loved too well?

I ask again, O ! patriarchal yew,

Why wert thou stationed in those holy ways ?

Was it to symbol forth affection true,

Or mourn the falsehood of departed days ?

Methinks strange accents rustling from thy boughs,

In hollow murmurs float upon the breeze !—

“ I'm here to chronicle death's holiest vows,

And reign, the monarch of all graveyard trees.

“ If thou art curious to unveil the past,

And scan the actors on a former stage,

To sound that deep, sublimely grand and vast,

And learn the secrets of a bygone age :

“ Ask not the maid that chanteth in the choir,

Ask not the lad that whistles o'er the lea ;

But ask the sage and centenarian sire,

What is the history of the old yew tree.

“ In ancient garb, they'll tell you, whilst they brush

My side, when passing to yon sacred fane,

From boys they've heard the linnet and the thrush

Pipe from my boughs, and wake the silent lane.

“They’ll point to where whole generations lie,
Who revelled once beneath my friendly shade ;
And tell thee when those lofty elm trees by
Were set there by the rude old sexton’s spade.

“They’ll tell, perhaps, when bloody fields were won,
They carved the date upon my shrivelled face ;
And how, when Grenville first beheld his son,
They scooped the record in the self-same place.

“Perhaps the tale of legendary lore,
How owls and ravens shrieked upon the wing ;
Stories as strange as e’er were heard of yore,
Told when the winter fires were flickering.

“Or they may whisper how, when passing bell
Was tolled in silence, with the saddest tones,
Beneath my shade the earth would heave and swell,
And sounds were heard as if from hollow bones.

“But when they come to touch upon my date,
They’ll shake their heads and say, ‘That old yew-tree
Hath long been famous for its soleun state ;
As for its age, ’tis wrapped in mystery.’

“Come, stranger, come a little nearer now,
And look intently on my twisted veins ;
This was the marble on a peasant’s brow,
That was the tissue of a noble’s brains.

“Those buds of beauty breaking every spring,
Atoms sublimed are of mortal dust,
And those strange sounds you now hear echoing,
Are they not spirit voices of the just ?

“Come nearer still, and learn this lovely truth :
I’m here, upon this consecrated sod,
To preach my hom’lies to old age and youth,
And bid them bend like me before their God.

“Mine office ’tis to watch o’er those that sleep,
To mourn in truth and shame the mocking knave ;
To weep o’er those who have no friends to weep,
And chaunt a requiem o’er each silent grave.”

The voice now ceased, the traveller went his way,
For evening shadows deepened in the sky ;
And now, when mingling with the grave and gay,
The tree and tomb are present to his eye.

ON SEEING AN INFANT SMILE.

WOULD thine eyes were ever smiling,
All thy mother's cares beguiling ;
Then no grief her breast would know,
And thy little heart no woe.
To her bosom she would press thee,
And in fondness would caress thee ;
Bless'd in seeing every pleasure
Centred in her smiling treasure ;
Sweet would be the thought, my boy,
If thy mother drank such joy.

But, alas ! the cup she's quaffing
May give sighs as well as laughing.
Trees that boast the sweetest blossom
Bear their thorns to pierce the bosom ;
Yonder cloud, with all its lightness,
Is a weeping mass of brightness.
With each day enriched with gladness,
Comes an evening shade of sadness.
Sad, oh sad ! the thought, my boy,
Such will be her cup of joy.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES ARE COME AGAIN

THE good old times are come again;
The laughing days of yore,
When mirth leaps forth to entertain
Old Christmas at the door ;
And joy and music welcome him
To each ancestral hall ;
Whilst holly boughs becrimson'd gleam
On every cotter's wall.

CHORUS.

So let our lads and lasses shout,
And merry pipers play,
Whilst bells ring Christmas in and out,
The poor man's holiday.

The sportive jest, the homely tale,
Their harmless mirth afford,
And pudding, beef, and nut-brown ale
Adorn the festive board ;

Whilst round the logs that brightly burn
The happy circles meet,
And carol forth their songs in turn
To hail the welcome treat.

CHORUS.

So let our lads and lasses shout,
And merry pipers play,
Whilst bells ring Christmas in and out,
The poor man's holiday.

We'll join the dance and merry game,
And every care forego,
To kiss the lass and laughing dame
Beneath the mistletoe ;
And whilst the bells ring merrily
And grave old ganders spin,
We'll bless the notes right cheerily,
That usher Christmas in.

CHORUS.

Then let our lads and lasses shout,
And merry pipers play,
Whilst bells ring Christmas in and out,
The poor man's holiday.

REMEMBER ME.

“REMEMBER me!” That sentence, know,
To thee from heart sincere doth flow ;
From lips which falsehood never sung ;
From one who knows no flattering tongue ;
From him who ne'er from thee would be,
This utterance comes—“Remember me.”

Remember me! Oh, sweetest sound,
It tells me I a friend have found ;
It speaks to me of pleasures past,
Like summer-flowers too sweet to last ;
It says, I present joy must flee
Whene'er I hear, “Remember me.”

Remember me! That falling tear
Responsive speaks a friend is near.
Ah! pearly gem, why linger there
At the fount's brink, so bright and clear ?
Thy hidden spring from guile is free,
Then, falling tear, “Remember me.”

Remember me! Oh, tragic sound,
It rends my soul, I feel the wound;
My pulse beats high, mine eyes flash fire,
And all my pores with drops perspire;
My heart's rich blood it boils for thee,
When forced to say, "Remember me."

Remember me! Suppress that sigh,
And lift you up that languid eye;
Though trackless seas our persons part,
Yet still we shall be near in heart;
And when away I'll think of thee,
And send my prayer—"Remember me."

Remember me! When on thy bed
Visions are floating through thy head,
In dreams those scenes prospective view,
When, happy, I shall be with you,
To soothe thy cares, bid sadness flee,
And prove that I have thought of thee.

MY THOUGHTS.

ROUGH stones from Nature's rudest bed,
Not shaped like those on beaches laid ;
Unwashed by any classic surf,
They still retain their native turf.



FRIENDS: A SIMILE.

FRIENDS are like two lonely streams
Smiling in the summer beams,
Which from fountains far away
Down their parent mountains stray ;
Unambitious, lo ! they run
Unpolluted as the sun ;
Rippling tunefully along,
Chanting an harmonious song.
On they travel, each alone,
Till they meet and blend in one.

FOSTER GENIUS.

FOSTER Genius ; ye who love it,
 Train the shoot of native skill :
Ye can ne'er be genius makers,
 Yet ye may direct the will.
Ye can turn the stream which wanders
 In an unfrequented way,
Till it through a country peopled
 Rolls, a blessing every day.
Ye can make the drooping spirit,
 Cooped up, like a cloistered nun,
Stretch her pinions like an eagle,
 Soar, and gaze upon the sun.

Foster Genius, e'en the humblest ;
 'Tis a little jewel rare :
Purest gold, and gems most precious,
 Oft the coarsest covering wear.
Rills, too small for swans to bathe in,
 May refresh a tiny lark ;

And the light of smallest taper
Can illuminate the dark.
See, that little spark ignoble
Sets a forest all on fire :
Emblem true of low-born genius,
Ever seeking to aspire.

Foster Genius, scatter blessing ;
'Tis a high and noble deed ;
'Tis a privilege. Ye shall gather
Crops from all its scattered seed.
Foster Genius, Heaven demands it,
Since it kindled first the flame.
Birds were never made for caging,
Souls are made for flight and fame.
WATT may thank his steaming kettle,
BUNYAN thank his prison hole,
Daisies nursed a BURNS's fancy,
Apples taught a NEWTON's soul.

Foster Genius, and the acorn
Shall become a tree of strength :
Mighty things from small have risen :
Corals stretch an island's length.

Foster Genius, let collision

Bring the latent spark to view ;

And, as true men, ever render

Honour where reward is due.

Foster Genius, science asks it ;

Lightning words now travel free ;

But she points us to the future,

When a thought shall span a sea.

Honour Genius, men of England,

And your country's name shall live :

Know, ye are more blessed in giving

Than your brothers who receive.

Foster it, and you shall witness

In this age a wonder wrought ;

Moral force shall be the weapon,

Which shall battle do for thought.

Give the people education,

Train the shoot of native skill.

True ! ye can't be genius-makers,

But ye can direct the will.

L I F E .

THROUGH our INFANCY we glide
Calmly as the waveless tide.
Merry CHILDHOOD skips along,
Carolling a constant song.
YOUTH, romantic, loves to go
Dancing like the bounding roe.
MANHOOD's pace is slow and sure,
Sobered by the slips of yore.
AGE is like a heavy load,
Tottering down a rocky road.



O N A S N O W S T O R M .

SEE! cherubs drop their feathers from their wings,
And Hawthorn twigs resume their blossomings.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

O! BURY me not in the desert's sand,
Where bones lie bleached on either hand ;
Where the jackal's tongue, and the vulture's bill
Redden on what the lions kill :
Nor the matted sward of the jungle tear,
Where tigers that crouch in their hungry lair,
And leopards that sportive leap on high,
Would scent out the spot where my bones would
lie :

Nor in the lonely forest wild,
Like a savage warrior's stricken child.
Nor in the deep and fretful sea
Where voracious sharks would feed on me.

Nor under the temple's hallowed dome
Where sculptured statues guard the tomb ;
And verses vaunt a patron's praise
In wanton and untruthful lays :

Where statesmen, patriots, poets sleep ;
Sages embalmed in memory deep ;
Where sculptor's hands that wrought so much
Lie robbed of their keen sense, the touch ;
And wondrous eyes to painters given,
That looked on earth as dipt in heaven,
Have lost their vision, and their light
Eclipsed in death's chaotic night ?
There, there my wishes fondly creep,
Where genius oft retires to weep ;
And loves to view with magic spell
Sweet beauty's line and graceful swell,
In great Angelo's chiselled head ;
And Raphael's charms in fresco laid.
But hush ! my poor ambitious soul ;
Nor let thy thoughts so vainly roll.
Thou can'st not sleep where jealous care
Hath treasured up such dust—

Not there !

Shall it be by thy mother's grave ?
Oh no ! that spot I ne'er shall crave :
For there, alas ! the breach is made
Too often by the sexton's spade ;

And shows a fleshless, eyeless head
To the survivors of the dead.
Whene'er I leave th' abode of men
A trophy which grim death hath slain,
Then may the grave receive its trust,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
In sure and certain hope to rise,
Immortal to th' ethereal skies ;
But in the churchyard's glutted ground,
Pierce me no vault, nor raise a mound.

Then where ?

Near a village church, and shady grove,
Where I've listened to Janie's tale of love ;
Where the mournful yew, with its branches spread,
Shadows the mansions of the dead ;
Where the death-toned bell, with its vibrous toll,
May strike on the prayerless, hopeless soul,
Till he thinks as he never thought before ;
Till he feels that his pride is light and poor ;
Poor when compared with the shortest breath,
And light in the balances of death :
Where the swain may leave his humble cot,
To visit one who shall be not ;

And nymphs at eventide may stray,
Their tearful homage oft to pay,
And dress my grave with simple flowers,
To be refreshed by heavenly showers—

Near there !

On the lonely brow of yonder hill,
Where the bright and tiny singing rill
Leaps o'er its washed and pebbled bed,
As it comes from its moss-lipped fountain head,
Speeding into the river below,
Where the clouds are reflected, white as snow ;
Where the boatman, as he glides along,
May look upward and chaunt his plaintive song,
Singing my dirge ; with the waving tree
As Nature's sweetest symphony—

Just there !

Beneath the hawthorn's perfumed bough
(Where loving hearts record their vow),
Whose fantastic stems make a knotty seat
For the wise and grave to meditate ;
Where defensive thorns and blossomed sprays

Speak friendship firm and affection's praise ;
Friendship as reputation's guard,
And praise as virtue's pure reward ;
'Neath that tree which Scotland's poets sung,
When his Highland Mary yet was young ;
Where, when the toilsome day is done,
You may sit and see the setting sun,
And moralise o'er my little heap
Until you think on death and weep ;
No stone inscribed with fulsome lays
Shall tell the number of my days,
For kindred hearts shall friendship give
Enough to bid my memory live—

E'en there !

Yes, when the pale moon sheds her light
O'er the grassy turf at the birth of night,
They shall wander near and gently tread
On the tufted knoll of my narrow bed,
And, sighing, say as they pensive look,
“ The fields were his study and nature his book ;
He loved to pen in simple rhyme
His thoughts of the beautiful and sublime,

And learnt to admire as well as read
The works of the great and mighty dead ;
Whilst at the fireside he'd rehearse
The thoughts which he had writ in verse,
Some sentiments would grace his song,
And please as with an Angel's tongue ;
Some touched the tenderest sympathy,
And caused a painful harmony.”
Then ne'er despise his humble strain,
Who writes to please ne'er wrote in vain.
Affection's tribute they shall pay,
Let fall a tear and go their way,
Saying, “ he would have shed his blood
For his country's weal, as the cause of God.”
Farewell ! I make my last request,
When death shall chill my Janie's breast,
Like two doves let us sleep in one hallowed nest,
And the question ask no more, then, where ?
'Neath the hawthorn tree, we'll be buried there !
Yes, there—Yes, there !

NATURE'S ADDRESS TO THE POET.

WHILST the thought thrills thy brain,
Child of the tender strain,
Take up the poet's pen ;
Write on the wave,

Silvered by Luna's rays,
Breaking in gentle sprays,
Spangling the briny ways,
Loved by the brave.

Whilst in her glory bright
Beauty, in robes of light,
Honours the Queen of Night,
Sing her, I say !

Sing her with moonlit face,
Treading the vaulted space,
Silent in matchless grace ;
Sing, while you may.

Poet, an hour beguile,
Wonder, adore, and smile,
Wrapt in a heaven the while,
Soft and serene.

Child of the tuneful nine,
Deck her with charms divine ;
Sing, for the work is thine,
Honour the scene.

Sing of her starry flowers,
Gleaming through sable hours,
Radiant as rainbow showers
In the sun's beam.

Sing, till a thousand eyes
Gaze with the same surprise,
Whilst adorations rise
To the SUPREME.

AN APRIL MELODY.

(TO MUSIC.)

OUR hearts are light,
The skies are bright,
The birds are singing praises :
Come, let us walk,
And laugh, and talk,
'Mid golden-cups and daisies.

You know our health,
That best of wealth,
Improves by recreation :
Then come again
To yon green lane,
And pass the spring's vacation.

O ! tell me why
The daisy's eye
Is beautiful with yellow ;
And why its fringe,
With crimson tinge,
Is thrown o'er mosses mellow.

Oh, tell me, too,
Why bells o' blue,
 And pretty primrose creatures,
Why king-cup head
With gold inlaid,
 And violets' purple features,

If not to woo
Us, where the sloe
 Perfumes the air with blossoms ;
If not, my dear,
To chase the tear,
 And heal our care-torn bosoms.

So come ; inhale
The fragrant gale,
 Whilst larks are fluttering o'er us.
Hark ! yonder thrush
Pipes from his bush,—
 Let's go and swell the chorus.

I'LL WEAR THY RINGS, SWEET JEWEL!

I'LL wear thy rings, sweet jewel!

They are treasures unto me ;

I'll wear them, dearest jewel!

For they talk loved things of thee.

When I saw them in my bosom,

I had budding thoughts of glee ;

Which, as Fancy crowned with blossom,

Were all fragrant, dear, of thee.

Even now I see thee present,

If they bid my memory play ;

And my heart—it beats so pleasant,

Till I weep its joys away.

For the grave doth hide thee, jewel!

And the lips that blessed me,

And the eyes that brightened, jewel!

As my loving gaze met thee.

In thine ears I've seen them dangling,

Rich and glorious was their sheen,

As the starry diamonds spangling
 On midnight's sable screen.
'Neath raven circlets darkling,
 I have watched their golden light
Break forth in lustrous sparkling,
 Like fire-flies, glowing bright.
So I'll wear thy rings, sweet jewel !
 They are treasures unto me ;
I'll wear them, dearest jewel !
 For they talk loved things of thee.

But when, in pensive duty,
 I stole beside thy bier,
To kiss thee last, my beauty !
 They sparkled through a tear ;
'Twas then I vowed such treasure
 The grave should never hide,
Till death did me the pleasure
 To place me by thy side.
So I'll wear them, precious jewel !
 They are treasures unto me ;
I'll wear them, sweetest jewel !
 Till I sleep in death with thee.

ANGELS OF MERCY.

SHOT, struck, and sabred, our poor soldiers lay
Mid festering woe: and sickened there to lie.
The red field found them strangers to dismay,
But who, un-nursed, could uncomplaining die?
While veterans shuddered, and, heartstricken, stood,
To see whole miles of agony and blood.

Yet there was one sufficiently high-souled
To brave and breathe the pestilential air—
A gentle creature, made in tenderest mould,
But strong in love, and piety, and prayer,
Who soothed the sufferer's wounds, and hushed his wail.
Let babes unborn bless Florence Nightingale.

A man of feeling, too, one strong of head,
And good of heart as he of head was great,
Went out and sorrowed o'er the soldier's bed,
And fought with Death, or reconciled to fate.
And long as England hath a history,
Godolphin Osborne shall remembered be.

THE TWO SUNSETS.

MUSING in a gorgeous sunset,
 Bidding gentle fancies play;
Gazing on the rower's paddles,
 Silvering the water way;

Sounds symphonious broke upon me,
 Tender as a mother's call,
Melting into dying cadence,
 Like a distant waterfall.

Music sweet and so melodious
 I had never heard before,
And I turned mine ear to listen,
 Ravished to my spirit's core.

When my soul was thrilled with rapture,
 Wakened by the music rare,
'Twas a little fairy harpist
 Playing on the subtle air.

All below the skies was lovely ;
Nature, on a couch of bliss,
In the silence lay and languished
For the ruby evening's kiss.

Pearly cloudlets far above me,
Wand'ring at their own sweet will,
Changed from snowy white to silver,
Then to golden, richer still.

Then the skies of softened azure,
Grandly marked with orange dots,
Slowly melting into amber,
Changed again to sooty spots.

Such, I said, is human beauty,
Smiling health and rosy bloom :
Ever like a sunset glory
Hastening to darkest gloom.

On that eve a gentle being
Died, as lovely as the day,
Listening to her favourite poet
Chaunting a celestial lay.

In her dimly-lighted chamber,
By her side a watcher sate,
Reading scripture words of comfort
Touching her immortal state ;

When a cautious footfall stealing
Gently o'er the landing-floor,
Told her fond and watchful mother
Sought in love her chamber-door.

See, her dying hand is waving,
List, they ask the reason why :
'Tis that precious, loved-one's signal,
"Mother, do not see me die.

"Spare, oh, spare thy tender feelings,
For thy other loved ones' sake,
Sister, father, loving brothers,
Lest my heart-strings sooner break."

To that chamber when the sunset
Lit again the western sky,
Sorrowful, my steps I bended,
In her shroud to see her lie.

In her cerements enfolded
Pale and beautiful she slept,
While around her faithful maidens
And her sobbing father wept.

Precious things their memories cherished,
Words and actions of the dead ;
And when talking of her virtues
How they turned and blessed the maid !

All her innocent intentions,
All her kindness to the poor ;
How she with her little dainties
Visited affliction's door.

Then a memory of her beauty,
Eye of brightness, blushing cheek,
Broke upon their mental vision,
Moral worth and spirit meek.

Like a rose in richness breaking,
So their lovely creature grew ;
Like a sunset ever changing
Into deeper beauty too ;

When an angel passed and saw her
 In her purity and love,
And enamoured of her graces,
 Took her to his home above.

She hath left thee, classic Hyefield,
 Nursery of the tenderest loves ;
All thy shades of sylvan sweetness,
 Loving hearts, and petted doves.

When on earth she loved its flowers,
 Flowers were confined with the dead ;
Now a group of English daisies
 Watch and weep above her head.

BLANCHE.

ADDRESSED TO HER BEREAVED PARENT.

HER soul was made of love—dear lamb, sweet dove ;
Her prayer, her song, her faith, her life was love ;
Love was the flower that in her garden grew,
The golden thought which ran each action through !
Whene'er she breathed, love whispered tenderness ;
 Whene'er she spoke, her honeyed lips dropp'd love ;
And while she lived, she walk'd this wilderness
 Almost a mirror of a saint above.

Her mother's joy, she loved her mother most ;
And how her parent prized the dear one lost,
Let tears bedropp'd in sorrow's lonely way,
The heavy burden of the mourner say.

Dost think her dead, fond weeper ? Look afar :
Behold ! She shines an everlasting star
That came to bid thine earth-bound heart be riven
From this poor world, and follow her to Heaven.

B E A U T Y .

I'm seen upon the verdant hill,
 And in the winding vale ;
revel in the rich parterre,
 And in the odorous gale.

I light the dew-drop's sparkling gem,
 I tint the vaulted skies ;
Recline upon the rosy cheek,
 And dance in magic eyes.

I'm linked to Hogarth's wavy line,
 To colour, and to form ;
To man, to beast, to fish, and bird
 That rides upon the storm.

When mental worth with graceful form
 Doth visit sorrow's den
To dry the tender orphan's tear,
 You best can see me then.

The poet worships at my shrine ;
The painter feels me near ;
The sculptor owns my charms divine ;
Taste is my son and heir.

I mould the rapt musician's ear,
Impel the author's pen ;
And give to orators the fire
That burns within their brain.

I've slain the stoutest warrior's heart,
Inspired the wise and good ;
And when I reach their inmost soul,
I am best understood.

I'm heard, too, in the circling strain
That issues from the horn ;
And in the warblings of the lark,
That sings at early morn.

I'm felt upon the warm sleek breast
Of battle prancing steed ;
And on the damask cushioned throne
Where mitred bishops read.

I dwell in air, I dwell on earth,
In forest and in flood ;
I fill the universe with mirth,
And own my parent, God.

But yet, alas ! oft marr'd with pain,
And spoiled by vice's leaven,
You'll ne'er my perfect glory see
Until we meet in Heaven.

TO THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of Heaven, I love that song,
Trilling from thy merry tongue,
Soft as 'twere a harping sprite
Playing on the rays of light.
How I love thy form to view,
Dotted on the summer's blue,
Trembling with a thrill of mirth,
Spurning in its pride the earth.
Here upon the sward I lie
Drinking in thy ecstasy :
Till the bright excess of light
Robs my eye-balls of their sight.
Bird of music-making throat,
Bird of rich and varied note,
Dropping from the pathway bright
Showers melodious in thy flight ;
From the gaze of vulgar men
Fain I'd here with thee remain,

And, in contemplation, rise
Upward to my native skies.
Since my wish, then, is denied,
Lovely songster, here abide,
And may no rude steps intrude
On thy happy solitude.

MY CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

My childhood's days ! my childhood's days !

What happy thoughts are clinging

Like ivy in your sunny ways,

What melodies are ringing.

What golden hours of by-gone mirth,

What cheeks of rosy beauty ;

What heavenly moments passed on earth

At home in love and duty.

O then the days went merrily,

Without a shade of sorrow ;

And every heart rang cheerily,

And hoped a bright to-morrow.

O give me back the dreams of youth,

Those visions bright and glowing,

When all was innocence and truth,

And joy a cup o'erflowing ;

The swing upon the garden gate,

With curly-headed Silo,

My romp with Tom and rosy Kate,
And merry-making Philo.
O then the days went merrily,
Without a shade of sorrow ;
And every heart rang cheerily,
And hoped a bright to-morrow.

Full many a brook and many a nook
And path through wood and valley,
Remind me of the road we took
Upon a nutting sally :
And many a gap in hedge-rows tell
Where we in Spring went creeping,
In quest of primrose, fern, and bell,
And where we practised leaping.
O then the days went merrily,
Without a shade of sorrow ;
And every heart rang cheerily,
And hoped a bright to-morrow.

And now when winter fires are bright,
Though friends around are fading,

We sit and pass the chilly night,
 The interest never jading ;
And tell how life is but a day
 Made up of shade and shining,
Till childhood's memories round us play
 Like woodbines gently twining ;
And then our hearts beat merrily,
 Without a shade of sorrow ;
And every one sings cheerily,
 And hopes a bright to-morrow.

THE TWO MEETINGS.

WE met, when her spirit was blithesome and young,
And the hope of her heart was romantic and strong,
When a silvery tinkle rang out as she spoke,
And a new cherub joy with each moment awoke ;
We met where the wild thyme empurpled the moor,
And the foxglove and heather-bloom tinted it o'er
And we played with the harebell that danced by our side,
And lovingly looked while we silently sighed.
In her hand a rich posie of beauties she bore,
Composed of a score of sweet roses or more ;
The poppy was there with its petals on fire,
And the white vested lily, and woodbine, and briar ;
A ray of rich light was adorning her hair,
As if a fond sunbeam in love lingered there ;
And the radiance that gleamed from her azure dipt eyes,
Told an eloquent story of summer-lit skies.

We met once again, but the beautiful maid
By the cold hand of death in her coffin was laid.
Her spirit had gone, but she smiled in her shroud,—
So suns after setting oft brighten a cloud.

THE CHAUNT OF LIFE.

MERRILY, merrily goes the world,

Merrily, merrily ;

Merrily goes with a lightsome bound,

Giving a loud and joyous sound,

Cheerily, cheerily.

Hark ! how the teeming peoples sing ;

Come, let us make the blue skies ring ;

Earth is a golden treasure hoard,

And every day is a banquet board ;

Merrily goes the old world round,

Merrily, merrily.

Heavily, heavily moves the world,

Heavily, heavily :

Listen, O earth, thy mourners sing,

The Angel of Death is on the wing,

Gloomily, gloomily.

The pride of our homes is stricken low,

The rose that was red is white as snow ;

Slowly the weepers come and go,
Singing, "The earth is a place of woe!"

Woefully, woefully.

Mournfully, mournfully glooms the sky,

Mournfully, mournfully;

Mournfully troop the black clouds by,

Mournfully, mournfully.

Listen, O, list to the weepers' wail,

"When shall the Angel of Life prevail?

Earth thou art naught but a charnel hole,

A deep, dark prison-house of the soul."

Mournfully, mournfully glooms the sky,

Mournfully, mournfully.

Merrily let the old world ring,

Merrily, merrily;

The dead ones are buried, the living sing,

Merrily, merrily;

"'Tis well to be sad when death is here,

But sadness should go with the dead one's bier;

Is not the earth a treasure hoard,

And every day a banquet board?"

Merrily let the old world ring,

Merrily, merrily.

THE RURAL POSTMAN.

O, THE postman's is as pleasant a life
As any one's, I trow ;
For day by day he wendeth his way,
Where a thousand wildlings grow.
He marketh the date of the snowdrop's birth,
And knows when the time is near
For white scented violets to gladden the earth,
And sweet primrose groups t' appear.
He can show you the spot where the hyacinth wild
Hangs out her bell blossoms o' blue ;
And tell where the celandine's bright-eyed child
Fills her chalice with honey dew.
The purple-dyed violet, the hawthorn, and sloe,
The creepers that trail in the lane,
The dragon, the daisy, and clover-rose, too,
And buttercups gilding the plain ;
The foxglove, the robert, the gorse, and the thyme,
The heather and broom on the moor,
And the sweet honeysuckle that loveth to climb
The arch of the cottager's door.

He knoweth them all, and he loveth them well,
And others not honour'd with fame,
For they hang round his life like a beautiful spell,
And light up his path with their flame.
O, a pleasant life is the postman's life
And a fine cheerful soul is he,
For he'll shout and sing like a forest king,
On the crown of an ancient tree.

Heigho ! I come and go,
Where the Lent lily, speedwell, and dog-rose blow,
Heigho ! and merry, O !
Where hawkweeds, and trefoils, and wild peas grow.
Heigho ! Heigho !
As pleasant as May-time, and light as a roe.

O, the postman's is as happy a life
As any one's, I trow ;
Wand'ring away where dragon-flies play,
And brooks sing soft and slow ;
And watching the lark as he soars on high,
To carol in yonder cloud,
"He sings in his labour, and why not I,"
The postman sings aloud.

And many a brace of humble rhymes
His pleasant soul hath made,
Of birds, and flowers, and happy times,
In sunshine and in shade.

The harvester, smiling, sees him pass,
"How goes the war?" quoth he;
And he stayeth his scythe in the corn or grass,
To learn what the news may be.
He honours the good, both rich and poor,
And jokes with each rosy-faced maid;
He nods at the aged dame at the door,
And patteth each urchin's head.
And little he thinks as he whistling goes,
To the march of some popular tune,
That beauty grows pale at the tramp of his shoes,
And sometimes as rosy as June.
O, a happy lad is the rural post,
And a right loyal servant I ween;
For let a proud foe but threaten a blow,
He shouteth "Hurrah for the Queen!"
Heigho! I come and go,
Where the mountain ash and the alder grow.
Heigho! I come and go.
With a smile on my cheeks and a ruddy glow.

Heigho! and every day so,
Save Sundays, then give him his Sabbaths, *do*.

O, the postman's is as merry a life
As any one's, I trow ;
Waking the hill with his musical trill,
From its crown to the base below.
For he windeth his horn where the blushing morn
First kisseth the green earth wide,
And snuffeth the breeze where the nodding trees
Stand strong in their forest pride.
He heareth the bee in the broad oak tree,
In quest of its honey-clad leaves,
And marks with delight when swallows alight
To build 'neath the cottager's eaves.
When forest tribes sing till green valleys ring,
With the soul-stirring music they make,
His spirit as free as the fetterless sea,
Chaunts out o'er the meadow and brake.
When making his call at a nobleman's hall,
In garments bespattered and rude,
He thinks that sound health is the best of all wealth,
With a spirit in love with the good.

Full many a heart with a paper-wing'd dart,
 Hath he wounded in Cupid's employ ;
 And trumpet tongued Fame says that Hymen's bright
 flame

Is fed by the honest old boy.

I'm welcome, he singeth, whenever I go,
 When buds or bright blossoms appear,
 At autumn-tide too, when golden tints glow,
 And *most* when old Christmas is near.

Heigho! I come and go,
 With the black seal of DEATH, and young LOVE'S bow ;
 Heigho! I come and go,
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe ;
 Heigho! Good Christian, O,
 Then pity the Sabbathless postman,—*do*.

O, the postman's is as blessed a life
 As any one's, I trow,
 If leaping the stile, o'er many a mile,
 Can blessedness bestow.

If tearing your way through a tangled wood,
 Or dragging your limbs through a lawn—
 If wading knee deep through an angry flood,
 Or a plough'd field newly sown,—

If sweating big drops 'neath a burning sun,
 And shiv'ring 'mid sleet and snow ;
 If drench'd to the skin with rain, be fun,
 And can a joy bestow !

If toiling away through a weary week
 (No *six-day week*, but *seven*),

Without one holy hour to seek

A resting place in heaven,—

If hearing the bells ring Sabbath chimes,

To bid us all repair

To church (as in the olden times),

And bend the knee in prayer,—

If in those bells he hears a voice,

“ To thy delivery,

“ God says to every soul, ‘ Rejoice,’

“ But postman, not to thee.”

O, the postman's *is* a *blessed* life,

And, sighing heavily,

“ Ha, Ha !” he'll say, “ alack-a-day,

“ Where's Britain's piety ?”*

* *Priest.*—“ Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy: in it thou shalt do no manner of work ; thou, *nor thy servant.*”

People.—“ Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law.”—
British State-Church Service.

Heigho ! I come and go,
Through the muck and miry slough ;
Heigho ! I come and go,
Heavy at heart, and weary O.
Heigho ! Heigho !
Does any one pray for the postman ?—*No.*
No ! no ! no ! no !
Or he would not be robb'd of his Sabbath so.

THE LION-FLAG OF ENGLAND

THE lion-flag of England !

Say, Britons, shall it wave,
The scorn of every base-born serf,
And jest of every slave ;
A sign to tell them how they beat
The bravest of the earth,
And teach them by our England's fate
To magnify their worth ?
" Forbid it Heav'n," the nations cry,
In council gravely met ;
" We'll send her aid across the seas,
And she shall conquer yct."

Have faith in dear Old England !

A voice comes from her slain ;
" We found her sound enough at heart,
But erring in the brain."
Have patience, and Old Time shall prove
Her power is like her oak,

Which rises in the scale of worth
 Beneath the deadly stroke.
For, though she staggers at the blow
 Her hero-bands have met—
Her ancient prowess gives the pledge
 That she shall conquer yet.

Have faith in dear Old England !
 Her lion-hearts lie dead ;
But tens of thousands ready wait
 To battle in their stead.
They know from history's reddest page,
 That nations, when opprest,
Must point their swords for arguments
 Against the tyrant's breast.
While voices from the grand old past
 Come pleading—" Pay your debt :
For you we fought—defend our fame,
 And you shall conquer yet."

Who would not fight for England,
 A-field or on the main,
And try to win (if she has lost)
 Her honour back again ?

The creature who would dare refuse
To take his country's part,
Is coward—slave—an ingrate vile,
A traitor at the heart!
And little thinks, what he enjoys
Was bought with blood and sweat,
Or such who sheath their swords to rust
May see Siberia yet.

O England! dear Old England!
What land is like to thee,—
So rich in patriotic gems,
And free as thou art free?
Who quenched the bigot's faggot-fire?
Who stanch'd the patriot's blood?
Who? England, at the battle-cry
Of "Liberty and God!"
Her Past! why 'tis a deathless fame,
A sun that cannot set;—
A power majestic—and her name
Shall nerve to conquer yet!

"God bless our dear Old England,"
I heard my father pray:

“The brightest gem in Christendom,”
I heard my mother say.
And then they took me on their knee,
And pressed my little hand,
And told me of the Northmen’s fate,
And Alfred’s sturdy band ;
And how on Northam’s sea-girt plain
The Dane and Saxon met,
And prophesied that bloody times
Would come for England yet.

In daisy-quilted England
I’ve made the twain a bed ;
And ’mong the words I’ve treasured up,
The sweetest which they said
Were, “England, dear Old England !
Who dare her honour mar ?”
She’d rather bind a broken heart
Than break a heart in war.
They said she never fought for sport,
Nor burned to prove her might ;—
Was much in love with harvest swords,
And only fought for Right ;

And how this island in the sea
Is like a beacon set,
To light the world to liberty,
And make her glorious yet.

“ Hurrah for dear Old England !”
Our gallant fellows cry ;
They shout it in the deadly breach,
And where they wounded lie.
They wear the charm about their necks,
As maidens wear their curls ;
They treasure up its memories
As princes treasure pearls ;
And while they breathe the last fond thoughts
For those they can't forget,
The accents die upon their lips—
“ Ay—we—shall—conquer yet !”

Hurrah ! for dear Old England !
Come, Britons, one and all,
Strike on, strike hard, strike home, strike sure,
Till WAR himself shall fall ;
Till Time, on pointing finger wears
The precious pearl of Peace,

And Earth sends up her anthem-shout
That loving hearts increase :
Fight on, keep heart, look up, be firm ;
And never once forget
That Heaven proclaims this God-stamped truth,
“ The Right shall conquer yet.”

THE BATTLE OF THE GREAT REDAN.

GIVE ear to the most terrible, the reddest, roughest
fray,

That ever paved with human bones, for peace, a triumph
way ;

And to him who there contended hard, our country's
friend or foe,

Let justice, from her righteous throne, the meed of praise
bestow.

Where Taurica Chersonesus rears its high and rocky
coast,

A band went out to battle, a stout and sturdy host ;

And the guerdon of their fighting was the praises of the
free,

A smile from dear old England, and France, and
Liberty.

Through the wild Crimean winter,—'neath a burning
summer's sun,

They faced and fought the Cossack-hordes, and fearful
battles won ;

Till they overthrew the armies of Russia's proudest Czar,
And crushed the haughty tyrant with the mighty shock
of war.

Our messengers came bringing their chronicles of death,
Till deeds of might outringing, made Europe hold her
breath,

And look in silent terror on the scene of blood and
flame,

And own the bold besieging host are worthy of their
name.

Fierce, and fiercer grew the battle, as each parallel they
drew,

Near, and nearer to the city, and the stubborn foeman
too,

And the thunder of their cannon, and their deadly clash
of steel,

Told of one continued triumph on the distant battle hill.

Of the fair and queenly city, the glory of the East,
They made for black destruction a red and royal feast ;
And the Furies held their banquets in the choicest of
her halls,

And wrote, in crimson characters, her fate upon her
walls :

Then came the time when victory, high-seated in her car,
Proclaimed the day of escalade,—the great day of the
war ;
And our heroes heard the order in the silence of the
night,
And thought of home and kindred, and harness'd for the
fight.—
O woe betide Sebastopol—the stronghold of the foe ;
For wrath hath made her vengeance burn to red-hot
lava glow,
And the tumult of a thousand guns commence the horrid
fray,
Till in the fury of the strife her bulwarks melt away.
Like lusty bulls contending in their madden'd rage to
kill,
Is the charging of the warriors, in moving walls of steel ;
And the yelling, and the hacking, and the heaping of
the slain,
Is a page too black with horrors to meet the gaze of
men.
Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah for France! the British legions
cry,
As they see the Gallic eagle and the tricolour on high,

And "now for Death or Victory," from every Briton rings,
And soon the deadly fort is stormed amid its thund-
derings.

Like the crash of ships majestic, when they strike upon
the seas,

Is the conflict of the combatants, and clamour on the
breeze ;

Like the lull of murmuring waters, when the wreck has
settled down,

Is the after-battle stillness on the ramparts of the town.

All honour to those mighty men, the valiant sons of
Gaul,

Who reared the floating standard first upon the fortress
wall ;

But shame, eternal shame, to those vile slanderers, who
dare

To rob our heroes of the crown the French would have
them wear.

Who made grim, thundering Malakoff a weak and shot-
torn thing ?

And opened for the Gallic braves a breach to enter in ?

Who, when the stealthy Zouaves had "won a march"
upon the foe,

By springing up like tigers fierce to strike the final blow ?

Who, when the garrison was roused, and fired with
deadly hate,
Ploughed through two hundred yards of death, to turn
the Frenchmen's fate ?
Who flung their lives unto the winds, and full of heart
and hope,
Plunged headlong in the purple tide, and scaled the
bloody slope ?
Who lifted high the flood-gates of the battle dread, and
stood
Unmoved amid the deluge-sweep of mingled fire and
blood ?
Who entered one by one the breach, to face a countless host,
And stood through two long murderous hours the
masters of the post ?
Who took and kept the Great Redan, by loss of blood
and breath,
And bought the fortress with their lives, and held it in
their death ?
Who, who were they, those valiant souls, those generous
noble ones ?
Hear it, O earth ! give ear, O heavens ! 'twas England's
matchless sons !

And who was that bold-hearted man, who wore a battle
charm,

Whom danger never dared to touch, and death forbore
to harm ?

Who turned destruction's reeking scythe, and proudly
rode the war,

And 'scaped unscath'd ? 'Twas WINDHAM brave, our
brightest battle star !

List !—a deep foreboding silence o'er each army seems
to reign,

Save the slow and heavy breathing of the dying in their
pain ;

And the tramp of neighing chargers beating sullenly
the air,

Or where the earth upheaving, speaks the Muscovite's
despair ;

Like the voice of mighty thunders, or the rumbling of
the main,

Or the rushing of an avalanche upon a distant plain,—

Or the bursting of an Ætna, when it wears its fury
frown,

In the rear of mines upspringing, 'neath the war towers
of the town.

Do you hear the martial clamour of the drummers beating there?

Hark! the bugle sounds "retreat."—By the burning city's glare

They are crossing, they are crossing, to the sound of trumpet shrill,

O'er the sheet of lurid waters to the Star Fort on the hill.

While the war-horse and his rider o'er the narrow passage go,

And the wounded in their litters are hurried to and fro,
The flames are flashing fiercely, from the burning shrine of Mars,

And the war-fiend shrieks and belches out his fury to the stars.

They are over, they are over, and the hosts on either shore

Look on and sigh,—Sebastopol the famous—is no more.
All honour to our England then, and glory to old Gaul!

For as ONE band of conquerors WE won SEBASTOPOL!

LOUD LET THE TRIUMPH RING.

(WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.)

Loud let the triumph ring
Out o'er the main,
England, Old England
Has conquered again!
Ring, for she triumphs
By sea and by shore!
Ring, for Sebastopol
Thunders no more.

CHORUS.

Loud let the triumph ring
Out o'er the main,
England, Old England
Has triumph'd again.

Loud let our island bells
Ring o'er the wave,
Ring out the nation's joy,
Ring for the brave,

Ring, for the Lion
And Eagle afar
Press on Sebastopol!
Ring for the war.

CHORUS.

Loud let the triumph ring
Out o'er the main,
England, Old England
Has triumph'd again.

Mourn not our hero-sons
Deep in their grave;
Mourn for the savage born,
Mourn for the slave;
Fight till a brighter day
Breaks on their night,
Liberty! Liberty!
Forward and fight.

CHORUS.

Loud let the triumph ring
Out o'er the main,
England, Old England
Has triumph'd again.

War! till the Muscovite
Crouches for peace,
Tyrants succumb to right,
Freemen increase :
War! from the battle hill
Victory cries,
On to St. Petersburg,
Strike for the prize.

CHORUS.

Loud let the triumph ring
Out o'er the main,
England, Old England
Shall triumph again.

THE FALL OF THE BRAVE.

ADDRESSED TO HIS BEREAVED PARENT.

DEEP in the foeman's mould he lies,
The youthful and the brave ;
Without a stone to speak his worth,
Or mark the soldier's grave.

A cry for help came o'er the seas,
The Osmanli to shield ;
He heard it, and with maiden sword
He sought the battle field.

We blessed him as he left his home,
His noble soul to prove ;
We lov'd him for our England's sake,
And he return'd our love.

We never doubted once his heart
Was daring to a sin ;
We knew his patriotic fire,
And mettle of his kin.

And, knowing him, our watchful love
Pursued the path he trod ;
And, when his footprints mock'd our search,
We left him to his God.

Grim Death, with scythe of pestilence,
Britannia's flower mowed down ;
We saw him mourn those hero-sons
Of England's old renown.

And, bending with a wistful gaze,
To see his comrades die, '—
He heard those dying Britons say—
“ Our country's loss supply.”

With eye upturn'd to Heaven, he asked,
That he in peril's hour,
Remembering how the brave could die,
Might have their share of power.

His prayer was heard, his wish was seal'd,
The hour immortal came,
And Balaklava wrote in blood
The Lancer's deathless name !

The order came, "Advance!"—Enough,
And veterans held their breath,
To see our troopers plough through fire
A pathway to their death.

To doubt if it were wisely given,
Was not a hero's part ;
But "Onward," like a lightning-stream,
And scorch the foeman's heart.

One deed of daring such as that
It takes an age to give ;
Such thought we had, and pray'd that Fate
Would let the victor live.

We dwelt upon that matchless charge,
And hop'd your darling pride
Would oft beguile with martial tales
Your hours at eventide.

But Freedom claim'd him for her own,
And Glory begged his name
Might be enroll'd among the great—
A favourite of Fame.

So came the fight at Inkermann,
Unparalleled in wars ;
When England drove the savage foe
As thick as midnight stars.

And there he fell, as falls the brave,
Her right true gallant son ;
One of those chosen souls who make
The base of Freedom's throne.

The thunders of that famous fray
Broke loud upon our shore,
And eagerly we sought the list
Of those to fight no more.

It came too soon—our grief gush'd out
In torrents unsubdued ;
For first of all those glorious ones
The name of "CLEVELAND" stood !

(A weeper once, in ancient days,
Mourn'd where a Hebrew slept ;
The noblest soul on earth was he,
But history says, "He wept.")

We wept : Humanity must weep,
So nature dropped a tear ;
Then pictur'd we his shroudless corse,
Stretched on his grassy bier.

We saw a gentle comrade's hand
Press lightly on his head ;
Then with his fellow soldiers make
The warrior's narrow bed.

No manufactured pomp of death
Bedeck'd his coffin rude ;
His mourners were those bleeding hearts
Which heaped the field of blood.

A carriage borrow'd from the war
The bearer's office did ;
His cap upon the coffin rode,
His sword across the lid.

No muffled drum, no funeral pall,
Salute, nor solemn knell,
Told how they sorrowed o'er their loss
But tears, and one Farewell.

A little mound we saw them raise,
 Upon that broken slope ;
Then weeping go to bind and soothe
 Our country's pride and hope.

Full many a kindred deed that day
 All piously was done ;
Whilst war roar'd out a requiem,
 As gun replied to gun.

No flow'ret there may crown their graves,
 As our sweet daisies do ;
But this our Fatherland hath sworn
 To wrest them from the foe.

Peace, lady, thou hast done thy part—
 A son thou hadst to give :
Now England writes his epitaph—
 “ He died that I might live.”

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY TO HIS FRIENDS.

ONE farewell word he fain would say,
Ere he pursues his prosy way :
If he of flowers has sung to you,
Or spider-webs impearl'd with dew,
Or tears that from the eyelids roll,
Pray charge it to his tender soul :
The heather-bell, the furze, the broom,
The rose's tints, the lily's bloom,
The wildest flowers that scent the air,
Or those that blow in choice parterre,
He lov'd them all—the meanest thing
That grew, or flew, or crept, he'd sing ;
Th' umbrageous walk, the odorous bow'r,
The nightbird's song at silent hour,
Were dear to him, yet nought so dear
As that which human form did wear—
The maiden in her blushing pride ;
An infant gamboling by her side ;
A wife by her domestic fire,
Her husband all her heart's desire ;

An infant group to cheer the place ;
A sire and dame with wrinkled face ;
A youth, just starting out in life,
Unused to poverty and strife ;—
Such sights he loved, and joy he felt
Where innocence and pleasure dwelt ;
But he could spare a falling tear
For the young bride o'er yonder bier ;
And when in death a parent slept,
Oh ! how with orphans hath he wept !

Try not his song with those who stand
The scholars of his native land ;
For fortune treated him so rude,
When nine years' old he toil'd for food.
Nature not Art hath stor'd his mind,
And nature hath been wondrous kind.
Now, if one sentence you approve,
A mother's smile, a wife's sweet love
Mov'd him to tie his thoughts in rhyme ;
Theirs be the praise, and God's the time.
His simple aim is far beneath
A poet's fame or poet's wreath :
Enough if he through life has trod
And serv'd his neighbour and his God.

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